

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 10, 1970 60 CENTS

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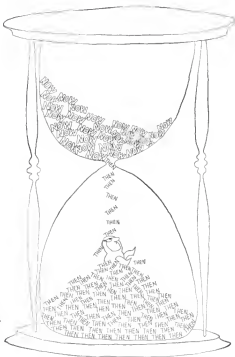
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Next week

AMERICA'S CUP showdowns between the Australian and French challengers and would-be U.S. defenders crash the waters and ways of Newport. A report from harborage.

SUDDEN SAM McDowell of the Indians baffles batters and all other observers with equal regularity, mostly because he never twice throws the same pitch or shoots the same line.

THE VOICE OF TARZAN is still heard in the land, but Johnny Weissmuller, now 64 and busy peddling massage chairs, sometimes grows weary of losing his great yell on demand.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BRALY IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

There was a time in his life, recalls Malcolm Braly (*Prison Games and Other Essays*, page 48), when he preferred being in prison to being in print. The phenomenon is a familiar one to penologists: an inmate gets so attached to the security and routine of prison that he cannot tolerate the uncertainties of life outside. Imprisoned for burglary, Braly had served his time and been on the outside only a few months when his moment of truth came. He had that night broken into a doctor's office and taken some trivial items. Surveying his worthless bag and reflecting on how he had strewed the burglary scene with clues ("I left everything but a signed confession"), he realized what was happening to him. And it was in that moment of agonizing insight that his career as a criminal ended and his career as a writer began.

He was caught, of course, but while at San Quentin began to read his way through the prison library. His reading led to a desire to write, prompted perhaps by a "pen" pal named Whitey who was selling Western novels. Braly got hold of a contraband typewriter and had most of a novel written before discovering that a) the typewriter was stolen and b) the novel was ter-

rrible. He rid himself of both and settled down to more serious (and fact) work.

Encouraged to continue writing by Knox Burger, then an editor at Fawcett Publications' Gold Medal Books who had seen the aborted novel, Braly finished a book called *Felony Tank*, which was published in paperback in 1961. It won an award from the Mystery Writers of America. Two more books followed, and when Braly was released from prison in 1966 he brought out the manuscript for yet another novel, *On the Yards*, a splendid prison story which Warner Bros. recently bought for a movie.

When given his parole, Braly came to New York and went to work for Burger at Gold Medal. There he re-organized the files and was soon getting manuscripts to read and criticize. He made the jump to associate editor at the publishing house in only four months.

Simultaneously, Braly succeeded in getting several magazine articles published, then was assigned to a screenplay in Hollywood by Paramount. He also got married and bought himself an old Cadillac. Last year he moved back to New York, and he now lives in Greenwich Village with wife, Cadillac and two cats.

Unsurprisingly, this writer finds his prison experience his most salable commodity, but he is not especially happy about that fact. When SI first approached him to reminisce about sporting life behind prison walls, he was doubtful. "My trouble was that I was more an observer than a rock," says Braly. "I didn't participate much, what with my reading and writing." Intelligent watching, of course, is another of the many things sport is about.

Dick Munro

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CRAIG
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CRIAMER

NENE, NENE, TEKEL, UPHARSH

The NFL players' strike established one thing: everybody in pro football is greedy. Read what the players had to say about the owners and the owners about the players. Arguments by both sides were remarkably persuasive. But whenever owners and playersicker, the fans are the ones who get it in the neck. When a strike is on they are threatened with no pro football. When it is settled they pay the added cost, since all pro football revenue comes, directly or indirectly, from those who follow the game. What the owners and players were fighting about, then, was the money in the wallets and checking accounts of people whose only connection with the game is emotional. If someday the fans were to become disenchanted, if in an involuntary display of unity they all suddenly decided to go on strike themselves and neither buy tickets nor watch pro football on television, where would that leave the owners and the players?

It can't happen, of course. At least, not all at once.

TAX ODDERS

Bobby Orr, the Boston Bruins' hockey star, spends more than \$15,000 a year to send autographed pictures to his fans. And, because he lives in his native Canada, the money is not tax deductible. This intelligence was offered to the finance committee of the Canadian House of Commons by Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL players' association, in the hope that proposed changes in Canada's tax laws will allow such deductions. Eagleson told the committee that current regulations prohibiting write-offs of various expenses are encouraging Canadian players to move to the U.S., where they can retain a larger percentage of their gross income. Last year, he said, a California accountant sent letters to all NHL players advising them that they would do well to pick up their gear and move south. About 25% of the Canadians in the NHL have

moved from Canada, Eagleson added.

One legislator argued that the Boston club should pay the cost of Orr's autographed pictures. Eagleson said he disagreed but added that he had been unsuccessful in getting the Bruins to agree.

AIN'THOUT

A gentleman in Greenville, S.C. has advised us that a game in the Greenville Minor League (for 8-, 9- and 10-year-olds) was won by Holy Rosary over Southside Baptist 28-9. The five-inning game took three hours and 15 minutes to play, he added, and said he thought the following might be a record: Holy Rosary made its 28 runs on two hits, the Baptist pitchers walked 26 men and the catcher had 64 passed balls.

CRITIC

John Reaves, University of Florida quarterback who had the most completions and the most passing yardage among college passers last season, was indignant when one of the football magazines listed the 15 best quarterbacks in the country and did not include him. "I'd be a liar if I said it didn't hurt my pride," he said, and then went on to comment on those who did make the list. Of Southern California's Jimmy Jones, Reaves said: "A real good runner but a lousy passer." Of Ohio State's Rex Kern, "All Ohio State quarterbacks seem to make that list." Of Notre Dame's Joe Theismann: "All Notre Dame quarterbacks seem to make it, too." Of Oklahoma's Jack Mildred, "All he did last year was hand off to Steve Owens." Of Vanderbilt's Watson Brown: "Heck, when we played Vandy last year he didn't even start against us." Of Boston College's Frank Harris: "I never heard of him." Of Arizona State's Joe Spagnola: "Joe who?" Of Southern Methodist's Chuck Hixson: "He's real good. He led the nation in passing the year before I did." Reaves was approving, too, of Alabama's Scott Hunter ("He's a good passer"), Mississippi's Archie Manning

("Just tremendous. I believe he'll earn the Heisman Trophy") and Kansas State's Lynn Dickey, UCLA's Dennis Dummit, Duke's Leo Hart, Michigan's Don Moorhead and Stanford's Jim Plunkett ("They're all good quarterbacks. They should be on there").

The Florida quarterback was also bothered by the omission of teammate Tommy Durrance from the list of outstanding running backs. "You'll notice that Curt Watson of Tennessee made the list," Reaves said. "He couldn't carry Durrance's chin strap."

REFLEX

The son of a publicity man is exposed to so much flak on behalf of whatever it is his father is publicizing that his responses sometimes become almost automatic. Thus Paul Ramsey, 12-year-old son of James Ramsey, sports publicity man for the University of Texas, is well aware that Football Coach Darrell Royal much prefers the pass to the run and that fullback Steve Wooster is one of Royal's favorite running backs. It was only normal when Paul and his father saw a road-construction sign one day for the boy to read aloud, "Do Not Pass," and then, without even pausing to think about it, add, "Give the ball to Wooster."

ALL THE COMFORTS

One of the odd psychological spin-offs of this electronic age is the empty feeling TV sport fans have when they get off their easy chairs and go out to the stadium to watch their heroes in real life. The trouble comes after a particularly gripping moment—a superb catch, a broken field run, a Jerry West basket, a Bobby Orr goal. The TV-indoctrinated fan sits back, shaking his head in admiration, and waits for the instant replay. He forgets that time in the arena does not have a stop. The game goes relentlessly on, and the spectator is left with the uneasy feeling that he has missed something.

But not fans in Vancouver, British Columbia. The new scoreboard in Empire Stadium, where the Vancouver Lions play Canadian football, includes a giant—well, 15-by-20 feet—screen which will pick up the same replays that are being telecast to the home audience. Canadian Visual Productions, Ltd., which is responsible for the replay screen, says that Empire Stadium is only the start.

"We have our sights on the Houston Astrodome—it's ideal because of the controlled lighting—but we figure hockey is the best vehicle, partly because of the lighting and partly because goals happen so quickly that many fans never see the puck go into the net."

Referees and other officials don't much care for the idea, even though instant replays on home television consistently show that officials are right the vast majority of times. Hockey Referee Lloyd Gilmour says, "Look, we blow a few calls, but when we make decisions we have to stick by them. Can you imagine blowing one against the Bruins in Boston and then having the replay show your goof in slow motion to those fans? That could shake a guy up."

MY OLD ICELANDIC HOME

Something fishy has been going on in Middle America, and it took the revelation of mercury pollution in lakes and rivers to bring out the truth. One favorite dish of folks eating out in Kentucky has been golden brown "Kentucky lake catfish," but the danger of mercury pollution has preempted diners to shy away from it. This, in turn, has obliged the restaurant people in the area to admit, with red faces, that the catfish they serve is perfectly safe to eat because—they kind of hate to admit this—it doesn't actually come from Kentucky lakes at all but is imported from places like Iceland and the Amazon River in Brazil. The diners are not always amused.

As a restaurant owner in Gilbertsville, Ky. said, "How can you tell customers you've been lying to them for years?"

SKI WHIZ

First they get all suited up in skintight, streamlined outfits, with crash helmets pointed like ship's prows in front. Even the baskets on their ski poles are cone-shaped to reduce wind drag. Then the idea is to see who can ski the fastest down the Plateau Rosa, a lofty glacier above Cervinia, on the Italian side of the Alps. Anyone not prepared to go at least 100 mph might as well not make the climb.

For six years the world record for the Kilometro Lanciato, one kilometer with flying start, was 104.86 mph, held by Italy's Luigi Di Marco. But this year along came a gang of Japanese to sweep everybody off the hill. Moroshita Masaru (whom the Italians now call Mor-

oshita the Missile) swooshed through the clocks at 113.887 mph. Nishi Masaru was close behind at 113.773 and Satoshi Shimizu at 113.539 mph. First Italian, Bruno Alberti, came loafing along fourth at 113.424 mph. Another Japanese, Yuichiro Miura, skied down Mount Everest last spring wearing parachutes as stabilizers (SCORECARD, May 25) but that was more of a circus trick than sheer speed skiing.

On hand to spectate was Leo Gasperl, who won the first edition of this crazy event back in 1931 wearing a 17-pound pair of skis. He has now determined that even though the Japanese beelied themselves up by wearing bal-



last on their special Kazama skis, the streamlined egg position is of far more importance than the weight of the skier and his appurtenances. After all, little Moroshita weighs only 117 pounds.

ADVICE AND DESCENT

Central Park South, the controversial Louisiana nightclub owned by New Orleans Saints Running Back Ernie Wheelwright (SI, June 1), was closed last week, but not by the NFL, which wanted Wheelwright out of a place it felt was too closely associated with mobsters, nor by state or federal law-enforcing agencies. Instead, the club was shut down by order of the Jefferson Parish Health Unit, which said it did not have proper sewage-treatment facilities. Wheelwright angrily asked how the place could have been operated for two years previously with the same conditions prevailing and demanded to know why the previous op-

erator of the club had not been shut down. Raul Busquet, chief of sanitation of the health unit, said that a previous operator had been advised of the violation on Oct. 23, 1969 and shortly afterward had closed the business. Wheelwright had been given a temporary permit in April with the understanding that he would provide adequate disposal facilities. After the temporary permit expired, inspections revealed that the sewage conditions had not changed, and when Wheelwright failed to appear at a meeting on July 22 the order to close the premises followed.

Wheelwright had arranged to buy the club last February, after first consulting with the Saints' front office. Despite their O.K., he was advised in mid-April by Bernie Jackson, an NFL lawyer, to abandon the deal. Wheelwright refused, even though he was warned that he would probably be suspended if he continued with what the league felt was an unsavory business connection.

As Sheriff Alwyn Cronvach of Jefferson Parish said then, "Someone has given Wheelwright very bad advice."

NO BOD

The greyhound track in Juárez, Mexico, has inserted a Primate Special into the regular card of dog racing. Greyhounds fitted with special saddles are ridden by tiny jockeys—capuchin monkeys imported from South America. The monkey-dog exhibitions have made such a hit with the crowd that the track management is thinking of making them a part of the card on weekends, with pan-muttel betting allowed.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Bass, Texas Tech basketball coach, on an encounter in New York with Gene Knolle, one of his players: "He said he was working as a secretary. 'A customer orders something and I write it down and take it to the chef.'"
- John Lakota of Lakewood, Ohio, after making a 51-mile trip across Lake Erie in 23 hours in his homemade 16-foot kayak: "I don't want to see even a glass of water for at least a month."
- Ralph Palladin, telling of blows by Matt Donovan in a fight that caused him to suffer a cut eye and led to his loss on a six-round TKO in Baltimore: "He caught me with a beautiful left elbow. He's got the best left elbow in the business."

END



THE ONE-NIGHT SEASON

Taking time out from the strike, K.C. beat the College All-Stars and for a while it seemed that pro football was through for 1970 **by JOE JARES**

Sunday noon. They've been six days without a fix and they're hearing hard music in their heads. Just an hour or so to wait for the connection, but time moves slowly and their hands are twitchy, their mouths dry. Finally the moment arrives and they move with delicious anticipation across their dens and living rooms to their TV sets and turn on—a nation of pro football junkies, pitifully hooked every fall. But the word was out that the supply might dry up! The NFL Players' Association was on strike, the club owners refused to buckle and millions of fans were faced with the prospect of kicking the habit cold turkey.

In what seemed a cruel tease last Friday night, in Chicago's Soldier Field, under lights that young Abe Lincoln couldn't have read by, an NFL team played a game for the first and, it then appeared, possibly the last time this season, the world champion Kansas City Chiefs beating the College All-Stars 24-3.

At that point it looked like Len Dawson (who completed 17 of 21 passes for 153 yards and a touchdown) would be 1970's Most Valuable Player; Mike Garrett (see cover), who gained 47 yards in eight carries, as well as catching four passes for 34 yards, would be the rush-

ing champion; the All-Stars' Bruce Taylor, a defensive back from Boston U. who also runs back kicks, would be Rookie of the Year, and for Comeback Player of the Year, take your pick of anybody who played poorly in the first half and well in the second.

But three days later the owners, after having met for nearly 24 hours, reached an agreement with the Players' Association, and the strike was settled. Earlier in the week the owners had tried, and failed, to break the strike by opening the training camps to veterans. "We knew that would happen," said Jim Tyrer, the Chiefs' player representative. "The owners are trying to weaken the players and get them to go to camp and bust the Players' Association."

When a handful of veterans reported, Players' Association leaders said no action would be taken against scabs, but as Ben Davidson of the Oakland Raiders put it, "Football is a rough game, and it's conceivable that a team that went against all the other teams in the dispute might find itself suffering an unusual number of injuries." Later he said he had just been joking. Tee, hee.

After the owners threw open the camps, 25 of the 26 player reps (Tyrer was working out with the Chiefs) and 56 other players met at a hotel near Chicago's O'Hare Airport. The next afternoon they notified the owners that

continued

The Chiefs, who stopped the All-Stars on the ground, here clamp down on Bob Anderson.

the players were officially on strike. "Bart Starr made one of the most impressive presentations I've ever heard," said Benne McRae of the Bears. "He said we had to show our strength, that we're at a crossroads and that the survival of our association depends on sticking together."

The main cause of the strike was a difference of about \$8 million in what the players and the owners thought the owners should contribute to the pension plan in the forthcoming four-year contract. (The settlement called for the owners to ante up \$4.5 million annually, which just about matched their original offer, but they made concessions in other areas.) Owner Lamar Hunt of Kansas City had called the players' figure "unrealistic." He said there would be a season even if retired players had to be brought back and minor-leaguers brought up. "In '60 we started from scratch," he said, "and we can do it again."

Philadelphia Owner Leonard Tose disagreed. "I think there is a possibility the season is over now," he said. Charles (Storrey) Bidwill, president of the St. Louis Cardinals, lined up with Tose: "We'll go just so far, and then we'll cancel everything."

The players were equally dreful. "We've waited this long, and it's been costly," said Lionel Aldridge. "I'm not going to go to Green Bay until the Players' Association tells me to or this thing is settled."

Players' Association leaders claimed their side of the conflict had not been presented accurately, if at all, in the nation's press. (In fact, one player, Joe Green of Pittsburgh, was so outraged he spat in the face of a sportswriter.) They issued a rebuttal to an NFL memorandum, charging that the owners' negotiating committee "remained rigid in its proposals while the players have reduced their offer six times."

Meanwhile the Kansas City Chiefs managed to get ready for the All-Star Game in only six days. While their colleagues were out on strike, they justified playing because a) the All-Star Game is really an extension of last season, an honor due to the world champions, b) the game was for charity, and c) they wouldn't gain an advantage over the idle teams because, as Jim Tyrer said, "One week of practice isn't going to mean anything when the championship game is played in January."

As the All-Star Game drew near, the pressure grew. The Chiefs were working out on their own at a high school field on the outskirts of Kansas City when, according to Lamar Hunt, Head Coach Hank Stram showed up. Stram pushed for participation in the All-Star Game. At that time, the majority of the players probably were against playing.

They met again on the same field at 6 p.m. Tyrer had been in contact with

'I'M A FOOTBALL PLAYER, NOT A WORKER'

It is certain now that James Michael Curtis (below), the Baltimore Colt linebacker, will be remembered as something more than, as many have termed him, "the ideal defensive arm." But those who thought they knew him will still be surprised that it was Mike Curtis who became the first professional football player of any stature to break the NFL Players' Association strike and report to camp. For in the game he is simple, direct in his approach, a particularly brutal man in what he calls "a war on the field."

Only off the field is he revealed as a combination of childlike exuberance, youthful idealism, stubborn conviction and, most importantly, defiant belief in himself. All this, and perhaps more, was influential in his decision to join the rookies in the Colt camp at Westminster, Md. last week when the owners' lockout was officially lifted.

On the surface his moves are uncomplicated. "I'm a football player," he says. "Football is my profession, not negotiating contracts. I can't kid myself. I have one job. This game I have to prepare myself. And to prepare properly, I have to be here." There is more, though. "It was a moral as well as a practical decision," he adds.

Curtis was first approached about striking by Colt Center Bill Curry, the team's player representative and Curtis' roommate, who called him in mid-June. He was against it then and remained so during the weeks of negotiations. At 9:30 a.m. last Wednesday, when the Colt veterans were due to report, Curtis was there. The lockout was still in effect, so he left, driving back to his farm in Leesburg, Va. The next morning the owners, testing the strength of the Players' Association, decided to allow veterans to report at 6 p.m. Curry called Curtis again that afternoon, this time appealing to his loyalties to the team. Curtis wavered, but at 6:15 he drove his gold Stingray into camp, went to dinner and was applauded by 34 rookies. After eating he went to his room, where he installed his own television set and portable air conditioner.

"I didn't think it would be such a big

deal," he says. "I thought more guys would come. I know there are some who want to. But when I drove up and didn't see any of the vets' cars, I started getting an idea."

The night after he reported, Curtis passed up watching the All-Star Game, opting for a steak and a couple of bottles of beer at Angelo's, a local bar. Earlier he had watched a TV report of Charles Manson's trial, which included a drawing of the cult leader with an X on his forehead, symbolizing that he is an outcast from society. "Maybe," said Curtis, "I should put something on my helmet to show I'm a scab."

At Angelo's it would have been more practical to have something to show he was 21. Curtis is so boyish that a waitress asked for proof of his age. (He is 27, but he got his beer only after the owner recognized him.) His youthful looks are in keeping with his attitude toward football. "My job," he says, "is playing football, not working at football. I like the money, sure. I treasure it. One of my dreams has always been to have control of \$1 million 10 years after I entered pro ball. But if you go out only for money you're not going anywhere. I play football. It just happens to pay well. But still I'm a football player, not a football worker."

What he does work at, he claims, is a definition of life. He feels that in his five years with the Colts he has changed from a narrow-minded individual to a listener, able to appreciate, rather than merely dismiss, the opinions of others. But intact is his continuing belief in himself.

"Maybe I'm wrong in what I'm doing as far as someone else is concerned," he says,



the association, which said to start workouts, but, if no settlement were reached, to walk out of camp before the game. Most of the Chiefs huddled at this, the consensus being, "If we're going to camp, we're going to play. We'll prove we're with the association by walking out after the game."

Stram had a personal reason for wanting to play. He was a sophomore half-back at Purdue in 1942, and since it was wartime, undergraduates were allowed to participate in the All-Star Game. Stram was invited to play in 1943 against the Redskins. However, he got another invitation—to join the Army. Stram wanted to play so badly he considered going AWOL but was talked out of it.

At least two of his players, Dawson and Garrett, also had personal incentives. Len was on the 1957 team, which was coached by Curly Lambeau, who starred Stanford's John Brodie. Dawson never got into the game. "They were say-

ing Jimmy Brown and me," he says. Garrett, fresh from winning the Heisman Trophy, played in 1966 under Coach John Sauer who made him the fifth and last running back. When he finally got in he didn't play well, and he remembers Sauer telling him, "You'll never make it. Too small. No good."

At the 1970 All-Star camp all was tranquil, according to Coach Otto Graham, until the Players' Association sent Alex Karras and Mike Pyle to talk to the players. Karras and Pyle were "trying to disrupt our practice sessions," said Otto, and they succeeded in getting "the kids all mixed up." The next day the players boycotted practice to show their solidarity with the association, even though they are not eligible to join it until after their third NFL game.

That night Graham moderated a meeting at which the coaches told the players the "association was using them," that the game had no effect on the negotiations. Whether the players believed this or not, they resumed practicing.

Otto also had troubles of his own makings. He couldn't decide which quarterback to start, Mike Phipps of Purdue or Dennis Shaw of San Diego State, so he flipped a coin and Shaw won. Neither was effective. Shaw completing only two of 14 passes. The star of the Stars was Bruce Taylor, who did a good job covering Frank Pitts and Gloster Richardson. He also returned two kickoffs for 42 yards and a punt for 28, and one of his returns was reduced because of a clipping penalty. Taylor, the property of the 49ers, has a brother, Brian, a freshman at Princeton who is one of the finest basketball prospects in the country.

The game was neither the "terrifically outstanding contest" that Stram predicted nor "the nation's No. 1 football spectacle" the sponsoring *Chicago Tribune* called it the next day. It was dull and one-sided and the seventh consecutive win for the pros.

Karras City scored on a Dawson-to-Pitts 36-yard pass play and a Jan Stenoud field goal in the first quarter to lead 10-0, and with the help of two interceptions (one off Shaw, one off Phipps), led 24-0 at the half. The All-Stars got their three points in the third quarter on a 29-yard field goal by Mike Delaney of American International College, as the Chiefs sat on their lead.

Most of the Chiefs were pleased with their performances. Dawson had



Len Dawson completed 17 of 21 passes.



Coaches Graham and Stram seek inspiration.

certainly made up for not playing 13 years before, and, coincidentally, the marching band from his old high school in Alliance, Ohio had been on hand to serenade him. Garrett, playing at 181 pounds (down 10 from last year), seemed faster and slipperier than ever.

Jim Tyrer spoke up. "We're a team, an association, a family," he said. "We pro players are unified in what we're fighting for, but on the field we'll be knocking each other's heads off."

The hitting will start this weekend. And in the nick of time. Withdrawal symptoms were setting in.

END

"but I'm not wrong for myself. I made my mind up. And nothing's saying if you believe what you're doing is right. I know that sounds like the hippies, the ultraliberals. I'm certainly not that. But I'm not wrong to myself. In others' eyes I may be. I guess it's just that nothing is totally right or wrong, that it depends on how people interpret you."

"Understand, I basically agree with the players. I work with them. I trust them. I just don't believe in their tactics. I'm optimistic enough to think everything will work out. I don't believe in striking, though. I don't know of any other way."

"I signed a contract that says I should be in camp. It's as simple as that. I've always been a loner, which maybe makes it easier. I'm following true to form. I guess I'd have made a good soldier. I follow orders. I'm not always asking questions."

Appropriately enough, the man who has become an idol to Curtis is the late General George S. Patton. "I hate to bring up the movie," he says. "There've been so many jokes about Nixon seeing it before making his decisions. But, God, was it great! I can identify with Patton. Remember when he had those mules shot? People thought it was cruel. But it was what had to be done and he did it. If something doesn't matter, hell, swing like a damn door. I know it sounds true, but I can't compromise."

"It is the whole [Robert] Frost thing. The road not taken, and all that. Remember the poem? I don't know what's down the other road. I don't know what's down this one. But I'm following it. For me, there's no other way. There's no turning back."

—SKIP MYSLIENSKI

PLAIN WORDS AT WESTCHESTER

Dave Hill didn't win the \$250,000 classic (Bruce Crampton did), but golf's constant critic, whose play has thrust him into the game's top rank, reiterated his views of sacred cows and cornfields **by MARK MULVOY**

John Vliet Lindsay may think New York is Fun City, but the touring pros last week thought that playing a golf tournament nearby, such as the \$250,000 Westchester Classic, was like asking the New York Knicks to play basketball on ice skates. The Air Pollution Festival, the golfers called it—the Midnight Open, where you could get mugged on a green and nobody would see you, just like in Central Park. None of the players knew how to read the smog that blackened the air, either. Would the stuff make your putts break toward the ocean—or away from it? Would it turn your fade into a galloping hook? Then Larry Hinson said it all: “Next time I come to New York I’d like to see the place. Really.”

Hinson saw enough of the Westchester Country Club to tie Jack Nicklaus and Bruce Crampton for the lead after three rounds, but on Sunday Crampton, the main man of the tour, shot a five-under-par 67 and won the \$50,000 first-place check with a 72-hole score of 273, 15 under par.

Besides having the dense smog and oppressive humidity, the Westchester offered some elements of a 4H exhibit—particularly when Dave Hill was on the course. Hill, the critic of Hazeltine’s rolling, agrarian acreage, had a large gallery every day, especially on Saturday, when he shot a nine-under-par 63 in the third round and holled from a tie for last place into a tie for second, and all the big-city cosmopolites acted like real Hazeltine farmers, yelling “moo-moo-moo” or “ding-a-ling” every time he hit a good shot—or a bad one. “It didn’t bother me a bit,” Hill said. “I’m used to all that now. In fact, I sort of like it.”

The reason Hill likes it is that he never had large galleries until that day two months ago at Hazeltine when he talked



Hill grimaces as a birdie putt falls during his brilliant nine-under round on Saturday.

his way out of anonymity and became the Don Rickles of the golf tour—someone who said what he thought and the stuffs shared he damned. In case you missed Hill's statements at the Open, he's more than willing to repeat them: "Hazeltine really did lack only 80 acres of corn and a few cows to be a good farm. Yes, [Robert Trent] Jones had the blueprints upside down when he built the place."

Hill thought for a moment. "One more thing about Mr. Jones. Most people in the country think that Robert Trent Jones is Robert Tyre Jones Jr., the great amateur golfer. They think it's 'that great amateur' who is building the golf courses. Huh. What Trent Jones knows about building golf courses George Washington knew about building the Model T Ford." For speaking his mind, something golfers are not supposed to do, Hill was fined \$150 by Tour Commissioner Joe Dey, who, coincidentally, was one who helped choose Hazeltine as the Open site. Many of the pros felt Hill had been bum-rapped, slapped down for saying out loud what most of them had been saying privately.

Before Hazeltine, the 33-year-old Hill was known mostly as the nervous, high-strung player who always won the Memphis Open (three times in the last four years) and usually led the tour in fines and suspensions. Hill figures he has paid almost \$5,000 in fines to the PGA, a figure that Tournament Director Jack Tunhill says is pretty accurate. "Most of the fines were for swearing and breaking clubs," Hill said. "I was suspended for five tournaments in December of 1963 when I broke a club on national television," he recalls, "and last year the PGA rejected my entry in the National Airlines tournament because I swore at one of the tour officials."

Dave always has been volatile, says brother Mike. "He was hypersensitive and let little things get to him even when we were kids," Mike said. "He's always said what's been on his mind, no matter who he's been talking to. One time in high school he told the basketball star that he was shooting so much. The star, a big kid, didn't like what Dave had to say, so Dave, who was little even then, suggested they step outside and settle it. The big kid wouldn't go. There were four brothers in our family and, believe me, we never talked things out, we beat them out. I'll tell you some-

thing else: Dave's got more guts than any player out here. Hell, how many guys could play great golf every round with cowbells and moos ringing through their ears?"

For most of his first 10 years on the tour, starting in 1958, Hill lived with three moods. "I was very happy or very insulting or downright nasty," he says. "The game of golf needs players with personality, players like Palmer and Hogan. The game did not need my type of personality because I made too many enemies. I knew that."

Hill's problem was that he could not control his emotions or his language when he became downright nasty. Then, at the end of the 1968 tour, his wife locked his clubs in a neighbor's garage and forced him to forget golf for two months. "What she did was the best thing that could have happened to me," he says. When Hill picked up the 1969 tour he seemed a changed person. Still volatile, he now was able to control himself most of the time.

"Smoking helped," he said, "and I started to have a few drinks after I played. I'm not saying that those things are good for everybody, but they quieted my nerves and kept my energy at the right pace." (The word is that Hill also pops a tranquilizer or two to help maintain his cool.) Brother Mike thinks Dave would be even better off eating regularly. "He doesn't eat anything," Mike said. "No breakfast. A couple of cigarettes for lunch. A hot dog on the course. Maybe a couple of drinks and some peanuts. At night he only eats half of his dinner." As a result, the 5' 11" Hill weighs less than 140 pounds—25 less than he weighed 18 months ago.

Hill also began to play a less hectic golfing schedule. "I used to play every week," he said, "so when I was at a tournament my temper and my nerves built to the point where they, well, exploded and got me in trouble. Now when I feel that I'm ready to hit the ceiling I pick up my clubs and fly home for a week and let it happen there."

The players on tour always recognized Dave as a sound player (sound play is his only technical deficiency) who would start to win when he controlled his actions and his attitudes. "He's always had one of the three or four best swings on the tour," Jack Nicklaus says. Hill, in fact, has an obsession for finding the perfect golf swing. "I want to get to the

point where I master the golf ball the way Hogan masters it," Hill says. "Out here the golf ball is usually the master. Like with Arnold Palmer. He can hit only a hook. I want to be able to hit the ball perfectly every way."

Hill hit enough shots perfectly last year to win three tournaments, the Vardon Trophy (for having the lowest stroke average per round) and more than \$150,000 in official prize money. He was fined one time last year, and he was not permitted to play in the National Airlines tournament, but in general, he was a new Dave Hill. One incident at the end of the year did detract from the new image, however. Playing for the U.S. against Great Britain in the Ryder Cup matches in England, Dave became piqued when an R and A official made a ruling that later turned out to be incorrect. He was loud in his objections ("The only way they'll get me there again is if I die and they ship my body there by mistake"), and for the rest of the matches the British galleries treated him very unkindly.

This year Dave was a model of decorum on tour until that day at Hazeltine. "You really had to be there to appreciate what happened," he said. "I had finished my round, and I had had a few drinks when they came to bring me into the press room. Someone asked me how I found the course, and I said I had been looking for it since I arrived. Then the writers started to fly questions at me, and, well, I answered them. I meant everything I said. However, I know that I really should not have said those things about another golfer's course. What I really was doing, I thought, was taking a shot at the USGA and Mr. Jones."

Despite the moos and the cowbells that have followed him on tour since Hazeltine, Hill has retained his cool—especially in public. He refuses to answer provocative questions at press conferences, but he will speak frankly in the locker room. Last week at Westchester, for instance, he was incensed at his caddie ("I hit 25 practice balls, and he found only five of them") and at Chi Chi Rodriguez Friday ("After Mr. Hogan left our threesome Mr. Rodriguez put on a stage show"). However, after shooting his 63 on Saturday and a 71 on Sunday that earned him \$6,910 for four days, very little bothered Dave Hill—not even the smog.

END

SPLASHY STRUGGLE FOR A TITLE

Foaming it up in a California pool, a gang of the country's top water polo players swam like porpoises—and fought like barracuda—to select a new national champion and a potential Olympic threat **by ARLE SCHARDT**

All right, class, today we will deal with some famous old American myths. Myth No. 1—the United States borders are formed by Canada, Mexico, some islands and two oceans. Myth 2: water polo is a game played by men riding horses in the water. Myth 3: the United States has lousy water polo teams. It is time to expose these myths.

The facts, revealed during last week's National AAU water polo championships in Long Beach, Calif., are that the U.S. boundaries actually are the Pacific Ocean, Mexico, Nevada, Arizona and Oregon. Sometimes known by its Indian name, California, this territory has produced every single water polo team that has qualified for the national championship. As for myth 2, there was indeed a time when most water polo players looked about as graceful as horses in water, but this has changed. Today's topflight player may have to be as bog as a horse, but he also can lunge like a porpoise, balance the ball like a seal, sack to his opponent like a lamprey and—if necessary—fight like a barracuda. Finally, those who belittle the quality of American water polo delight in stressing that our only Olympic gold medal in the sport is dated 1904—the year we happened to be the only nation entered. But, judging by the performances in Long Beach's cavernous, \$3.7 million Belmont Plaza pool, the game has a bright new future.

Valiantly undistracted by the unending tide of healthy, bikini-clad young females who flowed past the pool each day (must every California girl have a smashing figure?), these waves of sleek, husky young men kept their eyes on the goal and those 14 benches on the U.S. All-Star team departing soon for Europe.

When the foam finally settled after three furious days, that bright future seemed closer than ever: America's top team made it the hard way through the fiercest competition in years, including a wild overtime finale, before officials let anybody out of the water. The place was up to here in soaking-wet All-Stars.

Water polo is a combination of basketball, soccer, hockey and karate. Each team uses six field players and a goalie, who guards a cage 10 feet wide and three feet high. To spot teammates quickly through the spray, players wear blue or white caps. And to enhance future good hearing, protective ear cups made of hard plastic were recently added to the caps. The modern player must be a powerful swimmer. This was not the case when the game was founded in England in 1860. Pools were so shallow then that many players didn't swim at all, and the goalie often protected his net by the direct expedient of picking up an attacking forward and flinging him away.

Although water polo came to America in 1888, there were two distinct styles until the late 1930s, the international game, played with a hard ball and stressing slick passing and ball handling, and the American game, where these skills helped but where brawn and a shallow conscience were the primary requirements. Americans used a half-inflated soft ball that players were able to hide underwater (this is no longer allowed), igniting marathon wrestling matches and leading to the publication of a 1927 water polo manual featuring illustrations of such aquatic musts as the front stranglehold.

In one Eastern college pool bounded by a rope it was common practice to try and ensnare an opponent's neck in

said rope. "Mostly as a joke, of course," wrote one historian, "because it is impossible to hang a man in the water." But, ultimately, the brutality of the American game lost its charm. And anyway, the European teams, especially those from Iron Curtain countries, still dominated the sport. Hungary has won five of the last eight Olympics. The best American finish was third place in 1932.

U.S. fortunes sank completely in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics when the team failed to get past the first round. The humiliation set off a dramatic series of changes that are still going on. Out went the traditional method of player selection in which the top club teams was sent en bloc to the Olympics, often leaving behind outstanding players from runner-up clubs. In the new system, an All-Star group is formed into the national team. The first such team won the 1967 Pan-American Games in Winnipeg, earning the only gold medal the U.S. has ever won outside the country.

Nowadays training camps are operating, and in California alone the number of schoolboy water polo players is double the total of 1960. Nationally, the game's 13,000 competitors will soon swell with thousands of youngsters from newly organized Junior Olympics and recreation department programs.

Last week produced the first big bang in the sport's new explosion—and it was sooner than expected. "De Anza will win even if half their players drown," said the experts. Well, it was almost that bad. The De Anza Aquatic Club, based near San Jose at Cupertino, came

continued

Swimming with strength—and size—the De Anza team (in blue caps) surged to victory.





to Long Beach as defending national champion. Coached by Art Lambert, a boyish-looking 34-year-old who also coached the 1968 U.S. Olympic team that won five of eight games for fifth place in Mexico City, De Anza includes three Olympic players and has a reputation as the best U.S. club team ever.

If not the best ever, De Anza surely must be the biggest. Even with 5' 9" Olympian Gary Sheerer in the lineup, the starting unit averages 6' 2" and 192 pounds. Last December Lambert took De Anza to Europe and won all 10 games on the tour. So, with all this going for De Anza, the tournament had promised to be fairly routine. But of equal interest to the club competition was the battle for the All-Star squad and the Olympic Committee tickets to a two-week European trip, including games against Hungary and Olympic champion Yugoslavia. This will be the first time a national team has toured in a non-Olympic year, another significant indication of the sport's new vitality in America.

An even better indication came where it was least expected—in the tournament itself. The second day of round-robin play had hardly begun last Saturday when every prechampionship assumption was blasted straight out of the water. In one of those contests which image-conscious officials tactfully describe as "physical, not rough, but, uh, physical," Phillips upset De Anza 6-5.

Suddenly the team title was again a very interesting subject indeed. Phillips' victory threw the tournament into two days of new pandemonium, pressure and incredible tension as one team after another surged up, only to sink back.

Because Phillips is temporarily under strength this year, with two players absent due to military service and two others unable to leave their jobs, Coaches Monte Nitzkowski and Bob Horn built their lineup around the players from NCAA champion UCLA, where Horn coaches in winter, and stirred in two Olympic veterans, Stan Cole and Bruce Bradley.

De Anza also has lost one Olympic star to the military, but since it had

beaten this same Phillips' team 11-2 in winning the Golden West Invitational three weeks earlier, the outcome seemed certain. Or it did until three goals by Eric Landroth put Phillips ahead 3-1. De Anza Olympian Sheerer scored three of his own for a 4-3 lead, but Phillips rallied, again, and won 6-5.

Thus De Anza found itself no longer in control of its own fate. Even if it won all the rest of its games, De Anza could not win the title unless someone beat Phillips.

Come Sunday, someone did. Corona del Mar, a collection of exceptionally strong swimmers who have been grinding through two workouts daily since February, broke three tie scores to edge Phillips in another thriller 6-5.

Now the only undefeated team in the final round, Corona retained that status for just three hours, when De Anza came back to win a ferocious contest 8-7 and throw the tournament into a three-way tie. Phillips, Corona and De Anza, already exhausted, faced a grueling play-off round that would keep them in the pool for hours.

But De Anza did it. Weary and with every reason to feel waterlogged, the crew first beat Corona 8-4, and two hours later sank Phillips 10-9 to win its fifth national title in six years. But there was an added bonus in all the late excitement: the fact that the big boys had such trouble putting down the upstarts meant that there would be plenty of real All-Stars to make the tour. "We now have," sighed one tired coach, "a reservoir of the finest world-class players this country has ever produced."

If such high drama was a surprise, the high caliber of play was not. It reflected a meshing of factors—both in and out of the water—that bodes well for 1972.

Once again, for example, the American game is in distinct contrast with the European style. No, we didn't let the air out of the ball again. Quite the opposite. The American style has evolved from crude grappling to a wide-open game of speed, stamina and finesse.

American prospects also are improved by several important rule changes, all designed to speed up the game. But ironically, just when so many developments are enhancing the American outlook, water polo itself is facing a crisis of existence in the one event that is the raison d'être for every player—the Olympic

Games. The crisis stems from the way the game is refereed, and it was exacerbated by the fiasco in the 1968 Games, where the rough grab-and-hold tactics of teams like Russia resulted in 80% of the goals being scored on penalty shots. This has somewhat less spectator appeal than watching the Knicks and Lakers stage a free-throw contest for the NBA championship.

So it was only natural that, during the final game, when Russia and Yugoslavia staged a typically brutal—thus slow, thus dull—contest, all but 1,000 spectators walked out.

It was this walkout that apparently jarred the European hierarchy into adopting the American-advocated rules. But only time will tell if the new rules really solve anything, because in water polo the referee himself continues to have enormous discretionary power, probably more so than in any other sport.

Even worse, some nations seem to regard their referees as political emissaries. Art Lambert was shocked when, as the 1968 U.S. coach, he was asked by an Italian team official to arrange for American Olympic Referee John Felix to call few fouls in Italy's next game so Italy could build its goal average. In return the U.S. would get a good game from the next Italian referee.

Hoping to encourage acceptance of the new rules among European referees, Robert Helmick, the chairman of the U.S. Olympic and AAU Water Polo Committee, invited the president of the International Water Polo Referees Association, Alphonse Angella, to be a guest at the AAU meet. If he was impressed by the faster game, Monsieur Angella managed to contain himself.

"Yes," he said, "the faster game would mean an advantage for the Americans. But also they must improve their tactics."

Is the United States now on a level with the best European teams?

"No."

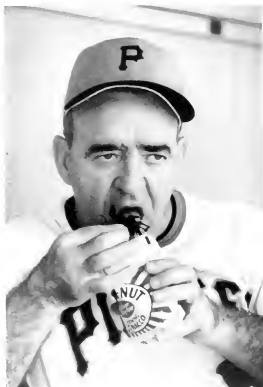
Pause. Oh?

"The Americans lack team play."

Translated, that could mean the Americans lack team play or it could mean the Americans should live so long if they think the old guard is about to let them burn up swimming pools and tear up the chlorine balance of power just because of some hot-rod new rules.

The national team chosen at Long Beach should be the first to know. **END**

Mixing in a touch of soccer in the save (above) and adding bits of down-pool blocking and a dash of dunk-your-opponent, all the players combined finesse with fast bursts of power.



NO DISGRUNTLEMENTS ROUND HERE

Eyeing his slaphappy band of plucky Bucs across a generation gap, tobacco-chewing Danny Murtaugh agrees they deserve to have a style all their own. But please don't spit on the artificial turf **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Loose?" says First Baseman Bob Robertson in the Pirates' dressing room after contributing five hits to a 20-10 laughter over Atlanta on Saturday. "This is the loosest team I've ever been on."

"Unh-unh," says Pitcher Dock Ellis, who doesn't have on his sleek brown leather jacket yet but does have on his sleek brown hip-bugging leather pants. Ellis has just finished shouting, "I must be the sparkplug on this team. I stir up more *stuff*." Now he says, "Unh-unh. Asheville, '66."

"Now," says Robertson.

"Asheville, '66," persists Ellis. "Nine-and-a-half-game lead and we lose by 9½. The manager's pressin' and we're bein' loose. We lose four in a row and we're still loose. Manager choked on us."

"Now," says Robertson. "This one's looser." For one thing, Danny Murtaugh, who returned this spring as manager of the team he guided to a world championship in 1960, is not peering. He does not give prolonged lectures on fine points of the game, as his predecessor, Larry Shepard, vined his charges by doing. Murtaugh and his coaches mix right in with the players, who stayed in character last week by slipping loosely in and out of first place in the National League East.

"Loose club. Those are just newspaper words," says Murtaugh around a comfortable chaw of Beech-Nut. "A ball club ought to be happy. Or maybe 'happy' isn't the word. It ought not have any disgruntlements. This club doesn't have any disgruntlements."

But it has almost everything else. A gravedigging third baseman, for instance, in the person of Richie Hebner. He is not uptight about intemperance. "My father is supervisor of an old Jewish cemetery outside Roxbury, Mass. In a good winter I'll dig 50 graves. It's good work. I get 25 hucks a grave. If it has snowed, you just use a pick and shovel—scoop away the snow and the ground is good and soft. But if it hasn't snowed, the ground might be frozen two feet down. You have to use a pneumatic drill. One time last winter the ground was so hard and the weather was so cold I said, 'Ah, that's deep enough.' There's a law that a grave's got to be so deep, five feet or something, and the rabbis says, 'That's not deep enough.' 'Did you ever see one get out?' I asked him."

"I got lots of stones. One woman,

they forgot to take off her wooden leg, and we had thrown several shovels of dirt on her already when somebody came up and said we had to get her back out so they could get her wooden leg. Another woman fell into the grave in the middle of the service. Did a heaver. 'Get her out, get her out,' the rabbi was yelling. I said, 'Naw, leave her in there and give her a discount.' The rabbi looked at my father and said, 'Who is this you've got digging graves?'

The Pirates also have a Panamanian former Bible-school teacher as a catcher, although he doesn't look like either a Bible-school teacher or a catcher. Manny Sanguillen was a promising boxer before he finally took up baseball six years ago at the advanced age of 20, and now, with his shirt off, he looks a little like an expanded Emile Griffith. With his shirt on, and his catching gear, Sanguillen is all arms and legs—whereas catchers are usually mostly trunk. Sanguillen's arms are so long that it appears he could pull up his socks without bending over.

Henry Aaron says that Sanguillen has replaced Joe Torre as the talkiest catcher in baseball. Asked if he talks to the hitters to distract them, Sanguillen says, worriedly, "No. Does someone think I trying to mess them up? I wouldn't mess them up. It says in the Bible it is good to make lots of friends, and that way I may bring people into the church. Do they think I trying to mess them up?"

Sanguillen has a Spanish translation of Billy Graham's *World Aflame* in his locker and he has discussed it with Matly Aleu, Jose Pagan and Roberto Clemente. "Before I was a Christian I was on motorcycles," he says, "like Marlon Brando. Today some of my friends back there, they are crazy. Yes."

Sanguillen hit .303 last year and is hitting .305 this year. He knows he needs to correct his tendency to twing at anything thrown to him, but he is no more uptight about free-swinging than he is about Christianity. He goes after the first pitch so often, he explains, with a big smile, "because it make me feel good."

The Pirates are even relaxed about race. Freddie Patek is a reserve infielder, white and 5' 4" tall, but in the course of a locker room conversation the other day he hurled what is generally considered to be a classic racial slur at Pitch-

er Bob Veale, who is black and 6' 6", and Veale did not appear to be disgruntled at all. So, heady, Patek called after rookie Outfielder John Jeter that the same thing applied to him. Of course, Patek gets his occasionally. Apparently at random, when the spirit moves him. Sanguillen will just swoop down on Patek with his arms and pick him up for a little exercise. The Pirates are always grabbing each other and picking each other up off the ground.

Sieve Blass is one of the two regular Pirate starters who have been sidelined with arm trouble. (Bob Moose, with something known as a dislocated nerve, is the other one.) Blass contributed to a

typical mock-angry racial argument by alternately screaming "now wait a minute" and having the breath squeezed out of him by Veale. For variety, Blass then read to his assembled teammates from the amusements guide of a local newspaper. "Hey, here's an interesting comment from Mrs. Aubrey Woods of Manhattan. She says, 'I am happy Dorah Shore is returning with a daily talk show, because I sometimes enjoy seeing the various leading stars voice their opinions to many subjects.'"

Blass is, he says, not only the first major-leaguer from Falls Village, Conn., he is "the only person ever to leave Falls Village, Conn.," On a team flight

around



In the dugout, Willie Stargell catches Manny Sanguillen in a typical Pirate squeeze play.

last week he tucked in his tie so that only a very short piece of it was showing. Then he told the stewardesses, "I am the one in the short tie."

So Blass is loose, but he is bespectacled and Ivyish in dress. On the other hand, Willie Stargell, Dave Cash, Ellis and sometimes Veale wear such things as see-through shirts, red jersey-knit outfits, planter-style straw hats, huge floppy caps and glistening bell-bottom white suits. Murtaugh, who affects the sort of conservative wear appropriate to a 5' 9" 52-year-old, bay-windowed Irishman, says: "Young people have to wear the clothes that are in style. In my day we had the zoot suits and the pegged trousers, and I don't guess the older people approved of all that."

Then there are the new Pittsburgh uniforms. Of a nylon and cotton material, knit and nearly formfitting, they have been compared to "ski pants, only all over" and to long johns. The shirt is a pullover and the pants have an elastic band, a drawstring and no fly. "It's like taking off a girdle," says one Pirate. They do not flatter a fat man. The Pirates like them.

The new uniforms were first worn on July 16, which was the night 48,846 fans showed up to see Pittsburgh's new Three Rivers Stadium open. The stadium lacks access roads and parking, so that patrons have to come in by foot, boat or bus from at least a half a mile away. When it rains, great lakes accumulate in the dirt fields around the stadium. The situation is somewhat reminiscent of New Guinea—you can get dust in your eye and mud on your feet at the same time.

The original estimate of the stadium's cost was \$28 million, but so far it has cost \$36 million plus \$26 million for land redevelopment in the area. Political shenanigans dumped the whole cost of the stadium on residents of Pittsburgh exempting the suburbanites of surrounding Allegheny County. But after nine games in the new stadium the Pirates have drawn an average of 29,000 and total attendance is up 150,000 compared to corresponding dates of last year.

One of those nine games was Roberto Clemente Night, which drew 43,290 people. For the occasion Clemente made a great sitting-down catch to go with a great skidding-on-his-knees catch, and ex-Pirate Manager Harry Walker said,

"I have never seen a greater player than Roberto Clemente." Which isn't news. News would be Harry Walker saying, "I have seen a greater player than Roberto Clemente," or Roberto Clemente saying, "I have never seen a greater player than Harry Walker." The public at large has gotten used to Clemente. He is hitting .356 and fielding and throwing as well as he ever has, which is to say about as well as anyone ever has. But, then, that is the same old story, too.

So are Clemente's injuries. Having got 'em, he flunts 'em—until, of course, somebody accuses him of being a hypochondriac. He has a favorite St. Louis chiropractic clinic now and carries a chart showing where chiropractors trained by that clinic can be found all over the country. Aha, he has an interesting new curricular theory. Cle-

mente has been out of action lately as a result of a pinch that hit his wrist, and last Saturday he was telling Tony Bartome, the team trainer, that the bad blood seemed at last to have left the painfully bruised and swollen area. "I felt a pain in my stomach, like poison there, you know?" I think that was the blood running down out of my wrist.

However much trouble his own vertebrae may give him, Clemente is part of the backbone of the club, with 29-year-old Willie Stargell, who has been sitting out some games but still leads the team in home runs and RBIs, and 33-year-old Bill Mazeroski. Maz is hitting .226 as compared to .323 for his 22-year-old backup man Cash. But as Cash himself says, "When Maz can play, he's got to be in there. I know that."

In Cincinnati last week Mazeroski, covering first on a bunt play, saved a



These are not new Pirate uniforms that Dock Ellis, Dave Cash, Willie Stargell model.

game by diving all the way into the coaching box to stop a wild throw. "He's got some kind of instinct that regular people don't have," says Red Second Baseman Tommy Helms. "He's always been my hero."

Mazeroski has long been especially admired among second basemen for his mastery of the double-play pivot. The secret is, he says, "I plant my right foot before I catch the ball. It saves a half-step. Now I've taught it to Helms and Joe Morgan in Houston, and Cash, but it used to be that I was the only second baseman who did it."

Mazeroski is less restrained about to-hacco-chewing on artificial turf than his manager is. "I don't spit on it," says Murtaugh. "It stains it. I look for a spot of dirt. There's plenty of spots to spit on."

"It don't hurt it," says Mazeroski.

The Pirates have not always been on top of their game this year. For some time they were fourth in the division. On the bases they once suffered a double play on two straight singles (both Alou and Hebner were trapped off base on the second single) and once failed to score, with none out, on two hits and two Dodger throwing errors.

In the field, all this happened during one loss to the Reds: Clemente fell down chasing a two-out drive to let in two runs, Stargell dropped one fly ball twice, Alou caught a liner with his thigh for another run, and a wild pitch by Joe Gibbon let in two runs when the batter pointed the wrong way as the friendly San-guillen tried to locate the ball.

"We've gone through the cycle now," said Murtaugh earlier in the season. "Lousy hitting, lousy fielding, lousy pitching. Hitting is so bad I don't know who to sit down." As the year has worn on, though, the hitting has blossomed, with solid young line-drivers appearing all over the lineup. The pitching has improved in less predictable ways.

For instance, the Pirates have a reliever, Orlando Pena, 35, who started the season as Kansas City's batting-practice pitcher. "Clemente saw me and said, 'What you doin'?' I said I didn't want to go down to Omaha so I'm pitching batting practice and learning how to scout. He told the Pirates they ought to pick me up, so they did."

The hero of the bullpen has been Dave Giusti, who is 8-2 with 19 saves this

year as a short reliever. But Pena, too, has been consistently effective, and the first two fingers of his right hand are a point of interest worth having on any ball club. Pena has habitually forced those two fingers apart while sitting on the bench, so that now there is twice as great a space between them as between the same two fingers on his other hand. That way he can grip his forkball better.

"I used to throw a spitball," he confesses, "but now you have to leave the circle of the mound to wet your fingers. By the time you can get to the rubber they dry off."

Pena has more peace of mind this season, since he finally managed, after 3½ years, to get his father, sister and two nephews out of Cuba. During this whole time his father had obtained only two pairs of shoes, a statistic, which may be compared favorably only to the fact that, until recently, Pena had not won a major league game since 1966. In his heyday, Pena recalls with pride, a Spanish-language newspaper once printed a detailed table showing that he had given up fewer home runs to Mickey Mantle than any other Cuban pitcher.

With Giusti and Pena in the bullpen, Murtaugh has patched up his tattered rotation with fill-in starters. Bruce Del Canto, 28, known as "Lurch," did not start pitching professionally until he was 24, perhaps because it was not until that age that he started slimming down to 195 pounds, after having held steady for some time at 258. Jim Nelson, another fill-in starter, ate watermelon and drank beer after pitching a surprise shutout, and he prepared for his last start by going to see *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

To each Pirate, his own way of loosening up. But the clubhouse boys of Montreal had better watch out for one thing the Pirates do for relaxation as a group. It was before one of the games last weekend in Atlanta that Trainer Bart-trome began to lay bets that he could pick up three men at once.

"Hundred dollars," he was saying. "I can pick up any two men you pick, plus a third one I pick, as long as I can put the lightest guy in the middle."

"Now, you got a bad hack," somebody said.

"Hundred dollars. I mean it."

Finally, after a great deal of arguing and murmuring back and forth, Bar-

trome directed the two heavyweights, Stargell and Ellis, to lock their arms and legs securely around the clubhouse boy's. Player Rep Giusti got down close to the floor to judge whether all three would indeed clear it together.

"All right," said Barttrome. "When I say strain, you strain. Strain."

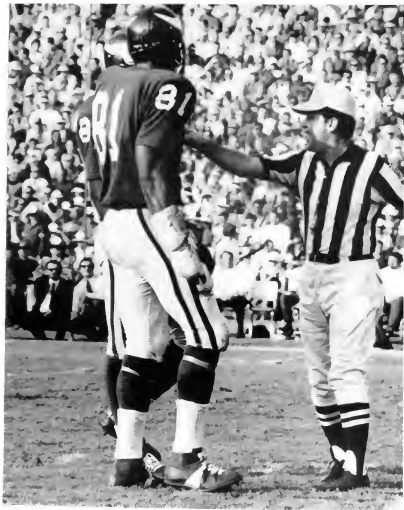
And with that he unzipped the completely unutilized clubhouse boy's trousers, and in a trice several Pirates had filled them to overflowing with shaving cream and soft drinks.

"Oh!" shouted an overjoyed Moose. "We got to do that in Montreal! That French boy who can't speak English, he'll go 'wallawallawalla . . .' He won't know what to say."

So this is a warning to the French boy in Montreal. Everybody else in the league will just have to hang loose, and hope for possible disgruntlements. **END**



Orlando Pena forks way to another save.



HE WHISTLES WHILE HE WORKS

by WILLIAM F. REED



The man in the middle is Tommy Bell, an NFL referee. A lawyer on weekdays, he polices a Sunday game with a crew of five, all of them yearning for utter anonymity

At 11 a.m. on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1969 the early birds were milling outside the players' entrance at the Los Angeles Coliseum. The kickoff in the big game between the Rams and the Minnesota Vikings was still two hours away, so the people were mainly just standing around, talking, laughing, reading the sports section of the *Los Angeles Times*. Few paid attention to the short, thickset man as he walked through the crowd carrying his green travel bag—just as few would pay attention to him later, out on the field, in his black-and-white striped official's shirt with No. 7 on the back. But, says Thomas P. Bell, one of the NFL's most respected referees, the more unnoticed he is, the better he likes it.

"If we walk off the field and nobody notices us, then we've had a good game," says Bell. "But if somebody knows who Tommy Bell is, then chances are I did something wrong."

If what Bell says is true, it also is unfortunate in a sense, because pro football officials are unique and highly efficient. Unlike their counterparts in baseball, basketball and hockey, they are only part-time employees who leave their homes and jobs some 20 weekends every fall to don their striped shirts, drop their flags and blow their whistles. Then, of course, there is the madcap dash to the airport after the game, so that on Monday morning they can show up once more as your friendly neighborhood banker, lawyer or high school principal.

"Sure, it gets hectic sometimes," says Bell, "but we all love it. It helps in business, too. I tell a guy who I am and he says, 'Oh, yeah, sure, I saw you on TV last week,' and I have a nice entrée."

Bell, in his mid-40s, a prospering attorney in Lexington, Ky., is more or less typical of the breed. He is a full partner in the firm of Fowler, Rouse, Meade & Bell, and his round, smiling face is almost as familiar about town as that of Adolph Rupp—a client, by the way, whose last will and testament Bell helped draw up. A local boy made good, Bell is a Rotarian, past president of the

Chamber of Commerce, director of the Cancer Fund, Mason, Shriner and a former trustee of the Second Presbyterian Church. Lately, as a director of the Citizens Union National Bank, he has been working on an urban renewal project that will clear the way for the bank's new building, which will be the tallest in town.

Bell is also a registered Democrat but his views are well to the right. At athletic banquets and dinner meetings throughout the South, he lashes out at those who "indulge the honest, ignore God, flaunt law and order and make excuses for the downright ornery criminal." He somehow ties all this in with football—"About 150 NFL boys are in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and did you know there is very little cursing on the field these days?"—and the response, says Bell, has been gratifying. "When I take football and mix it with a little Americanism, it really works out great. I got a standing ovation at the Birmingham Quarterback Club."

His growth as a lawyer parallels his growth as a referee. Only a year after starting out as a Kentucky high school official in 1955, Bell was working both football and basketball in the Southeastern Conference, his career having been given a boost by Bear Bryant, his old football coach at Kentucky. In the next seven years Bell's credits included a Liberty Bowl, an Orange Bowl, two North-South All-Star Games, three Blue-Gray games and two NCAA basketball championship games (San Francisco-Iowa in 1956 and California-West Virginia in 1959). None of these brought him as much publicity, however, as the 1958 football game between Arkansas and Ole Miss in Little Rock. The Rebels won 14-12 on Bob Kraybill's field goal with three seconds left, a kick that every Arkansas fan in the stadium loudly swore was no good, much to Bell's discomfort. After the game Bell was in a phone booth outside the stadium, wanting to make a call but finding himself without a dime.

ronald

"Hey, buddy," he said to a passerby. "do you have a dime? I'm trying to call a friend."

The man looked at him closely and asked, "You Tommy Bell?"

"Yes."

"Well, here, take two dimes and call all your friends in Little Rock."

Nevertheless, Bell's credentials as a college official were so impressive that in 1963 the NFL offered him a job. "I almost didn't take it," says Bell, "but Dan Tolan, the old NFL official, talked me into it. He said, 'Working in the SEC is like practicing law before the Kentucky state court, but working in the NFL is like practicing before the Supreme Court.' What a shock it was, too—just about like a player going from college ball to the pros. There must be at least 30 major differences in the rules, and I made so many mistakes that first year that I thought I was going to set the NFL back 10 years."

Rookie officials make \$250 a game under the NFL pay scale, which goes up to \$300 for three to five years' experience, \$350 for five and six years, \$400 for seven and eight years (Bell's class), \$450 for nine and 10 years and \$500 for 11 or more. If an official is selected to work a playoff game, the fee starts at \$700 and goes on up to \$1,000 for the championship and \$1,500 for the Super Bowl. Bell has called two NFL championships—the close 1966 game between the Packers and Cowboys in Dallas, and last season's Minnesota-Cleveland game. In January 1969 Bell was not only an official in the Super Bowl, but probably the only man in Miami who held his own with Joe Namath that day.

Late in the game Namath walked up to Bell and said, "You know, you fellows are doing a pretty good job, even if you are NFL officials." "Don't compliment me, Joe," replied Bell. "My team is still losing."

The day before the Rams-Vikings game, Bell reported to his office at 8 a.m. His only item of business was a minor clarification in a divorce case, and he took care of it with a single phone call. Then, after gulping down a cup of tea and leaving instructions with his secretary, he climbed into his 1968 Buick station wagon and headed out Interstate 75 for the hour's drive to the Cincinnati airport. There, after parking his car in the airport lot and having his ticket validated, he boarded the plane that would deposit him in Los Angeles five hours later, after a stop in Dallas. He carried aboard his only luggage—a large, dark-green travel bag—because he didn't want to risk losing the contents: his black-and-white uniform, his tarnished old whistle (circa 1958) and his bright-yellow penalty flag, which he weights with a brass door hinge for easier throwing. Bell's seat was in the first-class section, and almost as soon as he sat down he pulled out a thick, black book and put on his reading glasses.

The book is as important to Bell's officiating as the Kentucky statute books are to his law practice. It contains pro football rules and examples of difficult situations that officials might have to face. Bell's copy is soiled and dog-eared, with key passages underlined in red. As a referee, the head official in a crew, Bell has to be certain that his five teammates know the book as well as he does.

Now he was picking out questions to ask at one of their meetings later that weekend. "There's a lot of similarity in rule books and law books," Bell said. "A lot of common sense involved in both, and if you get too technical you can run the game."

Arriving at the Los Angeles airport about 6 p.m. Pacific time, Bell took a bus to the Sheraton West, where he was given a special \$11 rate for a studio room. Then, allowing a bellhop to carry his precious bag to his room on the eighth floor, Bell walked into the hotel dining room, where his five teammates had been waiting for him around a long table.

The six men had not seen each other for nine days, since Thanksgiving when they had worked the Dallas-San Francisco game on national TV, so dinner was a time to exchange news. The field judge, Fritz Graf, area manager for a medical supply company in Akron, said that his son Larry had been named the most valuable player on Ohio State's freshman football team. Not to be outdone, the back judge, Tom Kelleher, a sporting-goods salesman from Miami, reported that Tom Jr. had been ranked among the top half percent scholastic ability of all high school seniors in the country.

Soon the conversation turned to a bet that had been made the previous week between Graf and the umpire, Pat Harder, the old Wisconsin and Chicago Cardinal star who now is sales manager for a packaging firm in Milwaukee.

"Read the bet, Dick," said Bell, and the line judge, Dick Jorgensen, a vice-president of a bank in Champaign-Urbana, Ill., pulled a slip of paper out of



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TOM KELLEHER SELLS SPORTS EQUIPMENT

his wallet, unfolded it carefully and read: "Pat will race Fritz over 100 yards. Pat will give Fritz a 10-yard head start, and Pat will run backwards."

"Ha," said Graf. "You're nothing but a stiff-kneed, over-the-hill old athlete."

"I can beat you and your wife and your kids, too," said Harder.

"We'll have to get this on TV at half-time tomorrow," said Bell.

This week a recent addition to the crew, Burl Toler, had come the shortest distance, from San Francisco, where he is the principal of Benjamin Franklin Junior High School. He had become the head linesman on the Bell crew early in the season after having been the principal figure in a foul-up in 1968 while with another of the NFL's seven crews. The story had made all the papers: Toler had lost a down, giving the Rams three instead of four during a key drive late in their eventual loss to the Bears. What had happened, apparently, was that on a play where the Rams had been penalized, they also were charged with the loss of a down. The error was not detected until after the game, and while Commissioner Pete Rozelle suspended the entire crew, it is the head linesman, Toler, who is responsible for keeping track of the downs. The furor served to underline Tommy Bell's belief that the official's goal should be utter anonymity.

After dinner the officials adjourned to the St. Louis Room, off the hotel's lobby, stopping by the desk to pick up a screen and an old 16-mm. projector left there by the Rams. All NFL officiating teams watch films of their previous week's game, which are prepared and graded by Art McNally, a former

NFL official who now is supervisor of NFL officials.

Toler turned on the projector, and for the next two hours they watched themselves daring in and out of the action in the San Francisco-Dallas game, claiming the ball after every play, throwing flags, keeping the game moving. Out of the darkness would come an occasional remark.

"Good coverage on the clip, Burl."

"Hey, Tommy, good jump, Tommy."

"Let's run that one back."

"What d'you have, Fritz?"

"The guy in the middle . . . there, what about that?"

"O.K., O.K., good block."

They broke up early to get a good night's sleep.

At 7:45 a.m., Sunday they were all back in the lobby ready to attend church together, another matter of routine that, in Bell's words, "makes us feel closer as a team." Joined by Art McNally, they squeezed into a rented yellow station wagon and, with Harder at the wheel, drove to Our Precious Blood Church. The three Catholics of the crew—Kelleher, Graf and Toler—always manage to overrule the three Presbyterians on matters of religion. After church they ate a hearty breakfast, the only meal they would have until boarding their planes home after the game. Then they drove back to the hotel and assembled again in the St. Louis Room, where Bell began hitting them with the questions he had dug out of his black book on the plane.

"O.K., Burl, what's the basic spot for taking a free kick, with two exceptions?"

His brow wrinkled, Toler rattled off the answer.

"Good, Burl. How about taking the

backward pass and fumble for us, Dick?"

Again the staccato answer, and so the meeting went for an hour, with each man being asked to recite in detail the specific responsibilities of his job. Thirty minutes before the game, for example, Graf and Kelleher were to inspect the field and report its condition to the referee; Toler was to check out the first-down markers and the chain gang.

"O.K.," said Bell, shutting his black book. "Our communication has been good lately—let's follow the same procedure. One thing you all ought to be alert for is these guys Kapp and Gabriel . . . they are so strong they can pass even when they're going down, which could create some difficult calls."

At 11:30 a.m., exactly 90 minutes before kickoff time, the Bell crew was ushered into a small dressing room off a tunnel leading out to the field. Waiting next to Bell's locker was a kid from CBS, and soon he was joined by a producer, Chuck, looking very chic in a white turtleneck and double-breasted burgundy blazer. Besides officiating, Bell serves CBS as sort of on-field master of ceremonies, staging the pregame coin flip and seeing to it that the time-outs will correspond with the commercials.

"We'll want two time-outs the first quarter, three the second," said Chuck. "The introductions will start at oh-fifty-eight. You'll take your cues from Jim here. Any questions?"

Bell turned to the kid, Jim, and told him what he wanted:

"The only thing I really ask of you is to please, please look at me at all times. There's nothing worse than for me to be in big trouble and looking for a signal and see you off talking to someone.

continued



DICK JORGENSEN IS A KEEPER IN A BANK



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PAT HARDER MANAGES FOR A PACKAGER

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HE WHISTLES *continued*

I'll look at you and give you this [he pointed to the ground] and you give me this [another signal] if you need a time-out, or this [signal] if you don't."

A half hour before kickoff, the Bell team had suited up and was poised at the end of the tunnel, ready to sprint on the field. "We always run out," said Bell, "because we hope that when the crowd sees us hustling, their boos will turn to cheers."

There were only a few perfunctory hoots as they sprinted into the sunlight and set about their various responsibilities. Bell went directly to the center of the field, his main job being to gather the game captains and toss the coin. Later, on TV, the ceremony would be simulated to let the folks at home know how the official toss had come out.

After Bell and the captains had shaken hands all around, he tossed the coin. The Vikings won and elected to receive. The Rams decided to defend the west goal, opposite the Coliseum scoreboard. This settled, Bell made the appropriate gestures for the benefit of those fans already in the stands, then trotted to the Rams' bench and picked up a telephone to talk to the public-address announcer in the press box.

"Hello, this is Tommy Bell," he said. "How are you? I'm doing something new this year, giving a preliminary signal. In other words, I'll come out and signal—say it's offside—and then go back and talk to the captains. This will give you a chance to tell the people what's happening. Then I'll break back and give the final signal, and you can announce the decision."

Bell also stopped to chat with the head coaches, George Allen of the Rams and Bud Grant of Minnesota.

"This is just to make sure that they're not doing anything different, like that end-around play that Kansas City uses," Bell said later. "If they are, we like to know about it so we don't get run over. You know, out there we're treated just like a blade of grass—we can get run over just as easily if we're not alert."

His chores completed, Bell led his crew back to the dressing room for the final conference.

"Let's talk about false starts. Pat . . ." Bell began. "All right, on field-goal attempts, Tom, you and Fritz hold it until I repeat it . . . Pat, we got to help Burl on the out-of-bounds stuff. . . . Let's have a lot of hustle out

there and a symphony of whistles. . . . Let's have flags, whistles and guts—mostly guts."

With that, they put their hands on the game ball, cheered ("Let's go, let's have a good one") and, all psyched up, would have charged right out the door except that Bell and Harder had locked a cap and a whistle, respectively, in their lockers.

"Oh, no," said Bell, "it's going to be one of those."

The opponents in NFL Game No. 93, the Rams and the Vikings, had already won divisional championships, and would meet later in Minnesota for the Western Conference championship. "It should be an easy game to call," Bell had said earlier, "because both teams will be extra careful about making mistakes." Even on an easy day, however, an official runs an average of eight miles, according to a pedometer that one once wore during a game. To keep in shape, Bell tries to run a mile a day, and he does a lot of wind sprints.

The sight of Bell simulating the coin toss at midfield reminded the officials that the game was on TV and that any mistakes would be revealed by instant-replay cameras. Some officials consider instant replay a devilish invention, but Bell disagrees. "I think it's one of the best things that ever happened to us because it usually shows the official called it right," he says.

And then, after Bell blew his whistle and swung his right arm in a downward arc, the game was on. The first penalty came on the first play from scrimmage when Jorgensen, from his position on the sideline at the line of scrimmage, caught a Rams linemen jumping offside. Out of his rear pocket and down on the ground went his yellow flag. After a short conference, Bell picked up the ball, stepped off the five-yard penalty and trotted out in the open to give a crisp, clear version of the offside signal—hands on the hips. The referee always gives the signals, no matter which official calls the penalty.

Not until the second quarter did Bell throw his first flag, and it earned him a loud, sustained boo from the Rams' fans. As referee, Bell always lines up about four yards to the right of the deepest offensive back. On regular plays Bell's main job is to watch the quarterback, concentrating on such violations as roughing the passer, and on punts he

watches the punter. Bell admits to caving-dropping on the huddle.

"The big thing I like to hear is whether it's a pass or a run," he says. "Because that helps me call the play. But I always stay in the same position so that I don't tip off the defense to what kind of play is coming. I guess I overhear about 80% of the quarterback's calls."

On this particular play, Ram Linebacker John Pergine stumbled and fell into the Vikings' punter, Bob Lee. Both men hit the ground. Bell, watching closely from about two yards away, threw his yellow flag. He made the signal for running into the kicker, which meant a five-yard penalty for the Rams and an automatic first down for Minnesota, which was already leading 7-0.

Later that quarter, the Bell crew made what appeared to be its first mistake. Toker, standing on the sideline at the line of scrimmage (he covers one sideline, Jorgensen the other), thought he detected movement in the line after the players were set for a punt. He threw his flag and Bell rushed in, blowing his whistle and waving his arms. After a brief talk with Toker, Bell ran to mid-field and signaled no penalty.

"What happened is that [Burl] thought the tackle jumped after being in a three-point stance," Bell explained. "but he couldn't see for sure because of the end. He threw the flag anyway, but I told him the tackle wasn't in his three-point stance yet. We had to eat it [the flag] but it was still a great call. There was no harm done."

The second half was even smoother, with Bell's only problem being a brief flare-up between Roman Gabriel, the Rams' 6' 4" quarterback, and Carl Eller, the Vikings' 6' 6" defensive end. All afternoon Eller had been crashing through the Rams' blockers, harassing Gabriel, and this time Roman, his dark face livid behind his helmet bars, seemed to feel he had been hit a bit too hard. Before the dispute could get beyond the frowning stage, however, here came Bell, all 5' 8" and 168 pounds of him, tooting his whistle and pushing the giants apart.

The game ended with the Vikings running out the clock to preserve a 20-13 victory, their 11th in a row and the Rams' first loss of the year. On the way to the dressing room, Bell was stopped by Jack Pardee, the Rams' left linebacker and defensive captain. As Bell happily re-

ported to his fellow officials later, "He said, 'By God, you guys did a great job.' How about that? That's quite a compliment, coming from the losing captain. I'll take that one anytime."

Before taking a shower, each official handed Bell his 8" by 5" orange game card, on which had been put information recorded during the game, such as the number of time-outs, number and type of penalties called, uniform numbers of the players causing the penalties and whether the penalties had been declined or accepted. It is Bell's job to compile the information on the individual cards and put it on a white card headed Game Summary. This is mailed, along with the orange Official's Game Report cards, to McNally, the supervisor of officials, at league headquarters in New York City. On Monday, Bell also calls McNally to report anything unusual, controversial or unsportsmanlike on the part of coaches, players or fans. After taking the phone call, receiving the cards and looking at films, McNally prepares a critique and sends it to Bell.

"It was a good game to call," said Bell, stuffing his uniform into his travel bag. "There were a lot of good whistles out there. We didn't have to speak to anybody, and there was nothing even close to piling on... and I think that was because of good officiating."

The only thing Bell's crew missed all day was the 5 p.m. flight that three of the officials—Bell, Graf and Jorgensen—had planned to take to Chicago, where they would go their separate ways until meeting again the following Saturday night in St. Louis for the Cardinal-Brown game. With a sigh, Bell checked the plane schedules and announced that now he wouldn't get back to Cincinnati until nearly 5 a.m. Monday, only five hours before a meeting with a client in Columbus, Ohio.

"Yeah," said Jorgensen, "and I have to be at work at 8 a.m., after driving 150 miles from Chicago."

To kill time, they went to an airport lounge and sat down to drink coffee and watch TV. The evening sports round-up featured taped highlights of the day's game. After the film, a man sitting next to Bell turned and shook his head.

"Gee," he said, "some game, huh?"

"Yeah," said Tommy Bell, again reminded of his anonymity. "It was all right."

END

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There is something about flowing water that makes for easy views. Down the river is freedom from consequence. All one has to do is jump in a skiff at night and by the morrow be beyond the reach of trouble. . . . This is an old and beloved sport of the country."

Thomas Hart Benton wrote these words in his autobiography, *An Artist in America*, nearly half a century ago during a float trip down the Buffalo River in Arkansas. A lot has happened to both man and river since Benton went on to achieve fame, along with Grant Wood and John Stuart Curry, as a founder of the Midwest Regionalist School of painting. Wood and Curry are long dead, but Benton at 81 is still painting, although as far as the art critics are concerned he is something of a living fossil. The Buffalo River, which in the old logging days of the Ozark Mountains used to carry gigantic rafts of timber—cedar logs for the pencil industry, white oak for railroad ties and whiskey barrels—is now threatened by damming. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers would like to add the Buffalo to its "beaver complex"—that sprawling network of dams that has already drowned eight Ozark rivers. A bill that would make the Buffalo a "national river" has passed in the Senate, but an equivalent House bill is gathering dust in the Interior Subcommittee. Meanwhile, the corps waits: sooner or later the river lovers will give up and then the river-straiteners will go to work.

Thus time is working against both Tom Benton and the Buffalo River. Every spring, when the weather has warmed enough for his ancient bones, Benton and a group of his Kansas City cronies rendezvous on the Buffalo for an exercise in freedom from consequence. The "old and beloved sport of the country"—floating down a river—has been modernized somewhat. Benton and his pals run the river not in skiffs but in sturdy aluminum canoes. When they camp out, there are folding chairs and canvas cots, iceboxes a-slush with Gluecks beer, hard ham and fresh-baked bread and clumps of crisp radishes. And there's plenty of bourbon, though when the jug is passed

THE OLD MAN AND THE RIVER

At 81, Artist Thomas Hart Benton, one of the founders of the Midwest Regionalist School of painting, still carries on his long love affair with the rolly Buffalo River in the Ozarks by ROBERT F. JONES

Benton as often as not declines with a sorrowful nod. He suffered a coronary in 1966 and his ration is four weak ones a day.

This year the confluence of Benton and the Buffalo occurred at Ponca, Ark., on a sunny spring morning with the river just falling from flood. Benton looked like an old fat dirty old man; unshaved, ruddy-eyed, with a drooping mustache stained tan at the lower edges from the Days Work tobacco he has chewed since the age of 14 (he also chews Parodi cigars when he can get them). Mottled and wrinkled, he studied the river in silence. A hard rain during the weekend had driven the Buffalo over the low-water bridge on State Highway 74 just above Ponca, and by Tuesday, when Benton's hand was ready to put in, the level had fallen to a swift but floatable three inches of daylight under the concrete slab. Benton's guide, Harold Hedges, an expert canoeist, had run the upper Buffalo only once with the water this high. "In a way it's easier at this level," said Hedges as the group scanned the first chute prior to putting in. "With lower water the river becomes more of a slalom course—you have to dodge gingerly to get through the boulders. There ought to be enough water today to give us a clear ride—but watch it if you upset. With this weight of water, you're going to be rolled like an empty barrel."

Hedges is a character in his own right. A retired Kansas City livestock feed executive, he had discovered the Buffalo's charms in the early 1950s, and the river promptly changed his life. With his wife Margaret and three sons, Hedges began spending every available weekend on the

Buffalo, canoeing, bird watching, learning to read the vees of the white water with one lens of his consciousness while another was analyzing wildlife signs. He is one of those rare canoeists who can call out in the midst of roaring haystacks, the boils of water that form over boulders, "Listen to the wood thrush!" Hedges took early retirement at the age of 55 and now, at 57, he is tall, spare, crew cut—and looks 10 years younger. He and his wife ransacked a dozen old barns to procure the weathered beams and siding that make their house on the upper Buffalo one of the loveliest in the Ozarks. (If the Buffalo becomes a national river, as Hedges hopes, his house may be torn down. He accepts that.) Margaret Hedges, 52, is nearly as competent a canoeist as her husband—and much nicer to look at. Linhe, shapely and compellingly feminine despite her outdoor prowess, she led one member of the party to comment: "If every chuck were like Margaret Hedges, there'd be no need for Women's Lib."

Canoe pairings for the day's run were the first order of business—and crucial, as it proved. Benton and Hedges were matched in one 17-foot aluminum Grumman, with the heavier, stronger Harold in the stern and Tom in the bow. That was both safe and sane, as was the matchup of Fred McFraw, 38, a river-wise Kansas City computer executive, and John Callison, 35, a husky stockbroker ("I'll take the Buffalo over the market any day," he said after a particularly

continued

Benton shivers a touch of boredom after a rough day 5000 during which he had been blown man for another river lover, Harold Hedges.



rough run. "The river's gonna be a little near as sleep". Two other teams were well-matched, but the last dance... well, you know the phrase that ends... and Tyler, too."

Scrimman in the tipsy canoe was Bernie Hoffman, a gravelly voiced, 61-year-old Missouri chain-store magnate who is also a superbly fit outdoorsman with experience on white water from the Wisconsin Dells to the Ozarks. His boatman, however, not only outweighed Hoffman by 40 pounds (this giving the canoe a bad trim forward), but had never been in a canoe before in his life. Sammie Feedback, 56, is an ex-wrestler, a peerless raconteur, a splendid camp-cook and reputedly the best movie cameraman in Kansas City. Also the worst canoeist. Massive and grained, with an upper body like one of those white-oak whiskey barrels, Sammie is built all wrong for white water: his center of gravity seems to lie somewhere in the vicinity of his Adam's apple, and it moves just as erratically. The B & S Show, as it came to be called for its stars, Bernie and Sammie, previewed a few seconds after the put-in.

When the river is lower the water just below the bridge is a gentle riffle, but at this level it was a fast chute hulging with small haystacks. B & S had barely shot clear of the first willow stubs along the bank when they spun out of shape: the canoe whirled clockwise, twice, then wobbled down the river backward with Sammie digging manfully toward Ponca as if that were the way he'd wanted to go all the time. "Whoops," said Benton as he watched from the bridge. "Well, maybe the hokies will wash up down by Pruitt."

Half a mile or so downstream the river bent 90 degrees to the right under the first of the bluffs—a black and cream forehead that seemed to frown with parsimony as B & S winked past: then plunged over a chute called the Big Drop. Normally it is a swift but straightforward run, "the first little thrill on the river," as Hedges calls it. Today it was impressive, haystacks high as a house on the right-hand side, a concave slick as viscous as oil down the skinny side to the left. As Benton approached the Big Drop, with the B & S canoe already out of sight, a shrill cry came from the

potholes along the left bank. It was Margaret, wading upstream and scrambling to her husband. Go back, go back? Bernie and Sammie spilled river coming through. We don't have any business taking an 80-year-old man through water like this.

Harold held the canoe against the bank with his left hand and stroked his chin with his right. The top joints on the first two fingers of his right hand were slashed off years ago by a saw, and the mimed gesture was powerful. "Well," he finally said to Tom, "I think we can handle the skinny side. Don't you?" Benton nodded and they dug in.

Down below the Big Drop, while Bernie and Sammie emptied their canoe and examined their soaked cigars, cigarettes and hufields, Benton fixed Margaret with his baleful brown eyes. "See, I told you it was nothing," he said. Then he latched and scratched his stomach.

Still, if the usually benign Big Drop was this tough, what would it be like downstream, say at Wreckin' Rock? The smooth stretch of river leading to that obstacle passed without remark (low bluffs, horsing, the insectlike click of dripping water from the pour-offs). The tennoon eased when Wreckin' Rock hove into sight. Harold was right: the river was so high that many of the impassable shoals were fully covered, and the canoes could run Wreckin' Rock to the left, missing it completely.

Now the party relaxed and began exchanging lore about the bluffs as they drifted past. To the right was Bee Bluff, thus named in 1916, when a couple of local boys discovered a buzzing megapolis in the cliff. They scaled the bluff from the river, burned out the bees with rags soaked in sulphur and then dynamited the crevice that guarded the honey. More than 400 pounds of honey and wax were collected, but the climbers themselves got little or none of it. By the time they got down, after lowering the spoils by bucket, their comrades had made off with—or eaten—most of the goodies. Bee Bluff was also the scene of a Faulknerian tragedy: around the turn of the century the last bear in Newton County was done in here. "For a week they chased him with horses and hounds," Hedges related. "Finally they cornered him on the bluff, and the bear went over. A heck of a comedown, but bears have returned since then. So have deer, beaver and bobcats. Someday there

CANOES move lazily on a quiet stretch of the river beneath Big Bluff, 750 feet above





FRED MCCRAW, WHO TURNED TO WATCH THE B & S SHOW AT HEMMED-IN HOLLOW, CAPSIZED AND TOOK A CHILLY SPILL HIMSELF

are even some red wolves again, though I haven't seen their sign."

Reark Bluff slid past on the left, half a mile of imaginative physiognomy and utter silence. To the urban ear, such quiet is in itself disquieting—no jets overhead, no reassuring rip of tires on concrete, not even the hum of electricity as background noise. It takes a few hours for the ear to adjust, and then the natural sounds begin to fill in with a random background noise of their own: a grumble of rapids ahead, a quick slash of wood-duck wings, the enormous clashing rattle of an elephant (or was it a rhin?) in the hankside brush. Benton worked his how paddle and studied the bluffs in silence, looking like an aged Einstein with his rumpled white hair and untrimmed mustache. Then he shattered the image with a squirt of tobacco juice into the clear water.

On a gravel bar across the river from Big Bluff the canoes beached for lunch. Big Bluff is the highest cliff in the Ozarks,

rising 750 feet above the river in a convex double bulge. Along the scars of the bulges runs the Goat Trail, a tricky but beautiful vantage point which canoeists sometimes scale—half a sweaty hour each way—simply for the view of rolling green hills and snaking blue river below. While Margaret built ham-and-cheese sandwiches on slabs of her home-baked whole-wheat bread, John Callison searched for arrowheads. The region had been a favorite hunting and toolmaking ground of the Osage Indians, and the early French explorers called it *des Aris* (of the haws), which was later corrupted to Ozark.

Bernie and Sammie dried their clothes and their tobacco, blissfully unaware of what would happen to them downstream, where the water got tough again. Benton studied the riffles, perhaps they reminded him, in their bright whorls of random color, of the later work of one of his students, Jackson Pollock. Then he munched a handful of watercress that

Margaret had picked the previous evening. Watercress is not native to the Ozarks, Margaret explained. "I picked this hatch from Nellie Villines' ditch in Boxley. There used to be a tomato cannery there, and the immigrant French girls who worked in it often had watercress in their lunch pails. They dumped their leftovers in the ditch, and now we have fresh watercress year-round. One of the few instances where it's true!"

Homely little touches of history like that are one of the dividends that accrue on the Buffalo. "There's an oval history here that's fading fast with each old farmer's passing," says Harold Hedges. The best of the local historians is Mrs. Orpha Doty, a hardlike little woman who until recently was the postmistress of Boxley. Orpha, as everyone calls her, is also the best cook around. Two tables, replete with fresh-cut flowers in season, are always set at Orpha's for anyone who drops in hungry for fried chickens, cherry tarts and Buffalo lore.

ronald



After lunch Benton took a nap on a mattress of life jackets—"nooning," he called it, "just like the quail do"—and then the party moved on. Just below Big Bluff, after a squiggle or two, the river forked around a wooded island. To the right: shoals and willow stubs, leaving the left-hand channel as the only alternative. With the river high, the chute was deceptive. Most of the snags were invisible, hunted at only by a few bulging hummocks of water, and the banks were thick with shrub—sinuous willow as whippy as an Osage bow. "We'll have to run it between the rock and the hard place," said Hedges. "The trick is to keep to the middle, but the current doesn't like you to do that. It prefers to keep you to the left."

It kept B & S there. The bow of their canoe hit a willow stub with a thump that made Margaret—who was out of sight upstream—look up for the plume that had caused the sonic boom. Sammie catapulted skyward—all 228 pounds of him, eyes a-goggle, arms and paddle flailing—while Bernie did a slow roll to the right and disappeared with a rueful grin under the waves. Benton saw it all. His staid old face cracked with laughter. "GAW damnit! Gaw DAMN! I never saw so nice a dive in my life!" he told Sammie when he finally washed up a couple of hundred yards below on a gravel bar. "From now on you're the River Diver. Son of a gun, I wish I'd had my sketchbook out. I wish I'd had an automatic sketchbook. Hey, Sammie, why don't you go back up there and do it over again?" Sammie coughed river water and belched blearily. Bernie's shirt went floating past underwater—a ghastly flash followed shortly by sunken Bernie himself, spluttering and laughing.

"We've got to give that chute a name," said Margaret later. "How about Leeback's Fling?" Sammie would have laughed if he could have.

By now it was hot, Arkansas hot, with a thick stand of second-growth timber blocking the breeze. Fresh hatches of gnats buzzed in the swelter, and snakes rustled in the weeds. The party pulled in at Jim Bluff, a cool, long cave on the left-hand side where someone, years ago, had swung a cable from a ringbolt in the overhanging rock roof. "Swimmin'

hole," said Benton. "Here's your gen-yoo-wine, oldtime, mythical swimmin' hole." Some of the group played Tarzan—hooping out on the cable to drop into the 60° water—while the others rested and looked for animal signs in the mud.

At Sneed Creek, Hedges pulled in to refill his canteen from a rill on the left bank. The Buffalo water is drinkable most of the year, but during periods of high water it carries a lot of gunk. Now the talk was growing apprehensive: Gray Rock was yet to be run, and it had dumped more people than any other rapids on the Buffalo's 125-mile journey to the White River. Margaret Hedges could talk of nothing else—every rill, chute or drop on the river brought forth comparative images, and Gray Rock loomed larger and meaner in the imagination each time she spoke.

But anticipation breeds inattention. Just above Hemmed-In Hollow, a wooded, tight little valley on the left side of the river, the Buffalo turned tricky. Its heavy current threw a sidearm curveball at Bernie and Sammie, spilled them for the fourth time and wedged the bow of their canoe under a half-submerged willow tree. Looking back to enjoy the scene, Fred McCraw and John Callison slammed a stub and were also swamped. Once again Benton roared with laughter, but Hedges was unsmiling. "This is the kind of water that can kill you," he said as he worked the jammed canoe free. "That's why I never tie anything down in a canoe—not spare paddles or bailers or packs. You get a foot tangled in rope under a canoe that's being held down by tons of water, and you're not going to get out easily."

Next obstacle was Toilet Paper, so named because Harold and Margaret once marked it with strips of tissue for some laggard canoes that had never run the Buffalo before. In moderate water, Toilet Paper looks like a wet, warped staircase, dropping off at such an angle that it must be run from right to left at 45 degrees with lots of quick draw and pry-strokes to keep the canoe from hanging up. Today it was completely covered, and though every one of the party's canoes brushed briefly on the shoals, all came through without mishap. Just below, everybody stopped to look at Bear Cave Hollow, a narrow, wooded draw down which runs a clear, icy creek. The feeder stream spills over ledges of lime-

stone that look like steps, and the Hedges have dubbed it Coors Creek, in honor of the beer. A can or two of the real thing might have been in order, what with the heat of the day and Gray Rock just ahead.

With all that anticipation—and five spills already racked up—Gray Rock was bound to be impressive. The roar of the rapids was audible half a mile upstream, and if that weren't enough a giant bluff guarded the left turn into the approach. Hedges heaved the canoes for a reconnaissance. Benton looked up at the guard bluff and studied the contours. "Shit," he said, "another face." And there it was—the guardian of Gray Rock, a warped head rising out of the shoulders of the bluff, gray and gruffy, its eyes sealed in shadowy folds of stone. "He's glaring at us," said Benton. "He don't like these canoes breaking up his view of the rapids." The old man hitched at his crotch and spat to leeward. A few drops hit on his stained yellow shirt and spread slowly.

While Benton waited in his canoe the rest of the party scouted the rapids. It was not an anticlimax. Just below the turn under the glowering face a chute dropped for a third of a mile in a series of interlocked haystacks. Willow stands lined both sides of the river. At the end of the chute the rock from which the rapids took its name seemed to block the river completely—a low, strated spur of black and gray that projected from the left bank and disappeared into frothy brush on the right. "Just before you reach the rock, if you get that far, you have to start drawing to the right," said Hedges. "The river makes a hard dogleg in that direction, and then it whips around hard left past the rock. The current will put you on the rock if it can." Then he ran his arms through a series of strokes, far clearer than his words, which told how to make the turns.

Hedges went back to the canoe while the others argued strategy and tactics, their voices rising in response to the river's noise. "I don't understand what they're doing," Benton complained. "What're they talking about so much? They'll *have* to do it. Why don't they just do it?" Hedges nodded and shoved off. The others followed.

Four of the five canoes made it safely, though all shipped water through the approach run, and one actually brushed Gray Rock without capsizing. Bernie and

THE BUFFALO run high, and the smoother sections (above) were a welcome change from the wild water rushing among trees and rocks.

continued

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THE OLD MAN

Samme—their energy up and their coordination for once nearly perfect—slammed through the haystacks, made the tough, right-hand turn neatly (Samme's wrestler's muscles drew the canoe half a foot to the right with each stroke), and then spilled spectacularly through the hard-left turn to wash ingloriously half a mile downstream to the next gravel bar. Gray Rock had been had, so to speak.

So had Samme. As the party approached A Bluff (so named for a perfect capital A etched naturally near its crest), the B & S Show performed its last number—a wicked spill at the top of a quick chute that left Bernie clinging to a tree trunk and Samme rolling down a 200-yard reach of boulders and white water. He emerged in mid shock. "I'm gonna walk out," he said. "Just point me in the right direction." He stumbled off into the growing dusk, with the river cackling behind him.

In camp that night the freedom from consequence Benton had described so many years ago became a reality for the party. The tents were up, taut and cool and canvas-smelling. Bobwhse quail whistled back and forth in the dusk. Slabs of cedar split from the ancient stumps left by the Eagle Pencil Company's loggers splintered on the campfire, filling the air with pungent smoke. Samme poked at steaks and fried potatoes with an enormous bowie knife and told wry stories about his days as a professional wrestler. The others laughed and sipped bourbon, content in knowing that dinner would be ready soon and there still would be four more days on the river. The time scale had shifted—four days could be a lifetime if you let it.

Benton sat apart from the group, watching the river flow past in silence. Then he shuffled back to the fire and poured himself the last of the day's bourbon. "I hope the hell they can keep the engineers away from this river," he said. "We've gotten so damned serious with our technology. Americans used to play with their rivers—Mike Fink and the keelboatmen, that kind of thing. Joyful work it was. If every American could run the Buffalo just once, the way we did today, then I think our rivers would be beyond the reach of trouble." He looked over at Samme Feehack and dropped a little gravel into his voice. "Well, when do we eat, you gaw-damn old river diver, you?"

END

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Fishy stories of the week from near and far:

• **Harold Hays**, New Orleans Saints' linebacker, has been a professional bass fisherman for the last three years, winning some \$4,500 in five national tournaments. Reading reports of the current owner-player pension dispute, Hays got his tackle together and noted: "I might be doing more fishing than I had anticipated."

But **John Wayne** may have been more frustrated than Hays. The actor's racehorse—the first Wayne has owned—won his first start at Bay Meadows (Calif.). Big Roman took the six-furlong race by two lengths, paid \$11.20 and held the first half of the daily double. Wayne missed the whole show. He was off fishing.

British Open loser **Doug Sanders**, also seeking solace at the end of a fishing rod, confessed to **Al Hart**: "I must have re-played that putt 10,000 times. Missing it cost me about a million and a half." "Cool it,"

said Hart. "Come on down and do some fishing. Let's see if you can beat me with the rod and reel." So Sanders and son Brad flew down to Louisiana to try their hand at redfish. Doug hooked five reds, the prize weighing 16½ pounds. Hart didn't get a bite.

W. C. Fields III is a promising rower with Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club, winning the Canadian junior championship and finishing second in the seniors. Not too much like grandpa, the original W. C. Fields, who professed a profound hatred for water. Ah, but all is not lost. Young Bill also is an FBI agent. He is assigned to the bank-robbery squad. Which makes him a bank dick. Tradition will be served.

There he is, casually holding a cigarette in one hand and a girl in the other in a Victory ad on the inside cover of last week's *SI*, among other publications. The usual handsome, anonymous male model? Not exactly. Sports people recognized Olympian **John Pennel**, currently touring European track-and-field meets, the world pole-vault record holder at 17'10¼" until some German beat him by a quarter of an inch several weeks ago. All right, John. We know you. Put down that cigarette and let's get that record back.

Food for thought from Yankee **Bobby Murcer**, who sat out last week's games against the Angels: "I sat on the bench a lot, and I ate a lot of sunflower seeds. It was a useful time."

Everybody knows that **President Nixon** is a football fan. Went out for the team at Whittier College and all that. Now along comes **Clint Harris**, Whittier car



dealer and old Nixon teammate, with some new lore for historians. Harris recalls a pregame meal: "I noticed that Dick hadn't touched his food. He told me he was too wound up to eat and offered me his steak. From that game on we ended up sitting together, and I was almost always a two-stick man." Clint, incidentally, was a 6' 4" 200-pounder, a three-year letterman on the line. Underfed Nixon at, oh, say 160 pounds, didn't get to play much.

Among the week's more stunning athletic accomplishments:

Tommy D'Alessandro III, the 41-year-old mayor of Baltimore, opened Physical Fitness Week by gasping to a halt after four pushups.

• Former Olympic champion **Jesse Owens** allowed himself to be beaten in a race with a 1971 Mercury Comet for an advertisement that will prove, presumably, that a car is faster than a man.

And down in Orlando, Fla., along came placekicker **Steve Pollakus** to try out for the Atlantic Coast Football League's Panthers. He brought his wife, Pat, to hold the ball become, well, "she has an uncanny abil-

ity to hold it straight." So Steve kicked a few, and Pat held a few and, naturally, the Panthers signed them both.

They all laughed when Vice-President Spiro Agnew belted Doug Sanders with that golf ball, right? Well, now we have Singer **John Raitt**, currently appearing in the musical *Zorba* in San Francisco. Raitt winds up at Peacock Gap Golf Course in San Rafael and bounces a wild drive off a strutter in the fearsome shed. He runs up to apologize. "Unacceptable," says the man frostily. "Well, then," says Raitt, "may I sing for you?" "No," growls the man, and stalks away. Ahh, those effete Westerners.

Rip Van Winkle Award of the Week goes to **Lee Trevino**—for sleeping through his 8:12 a.m. tee-off time at the Westchester Classic. Other scheduled early risers, **Ben Hogan** 7:24, **Frank Beard** and **Gary Player** 7:32, **Sam Snead** 7:40, **Gene Littler** 7:48, **Jack Nicklaus** at 7:56 and **Billy Casper** at 8:04, all got up on time. Good night, Clint. Good morning, Lee.

Using his own special version of *Sonny Liston's* bellend stare, *Olemiss* **Black Fred Williamson** used to scare a lot of people. Beware of the old "hammer" (meaning his iron forearm), he warned opponents while playing for teams at Pittsburgh, Oakland and Kansas City. But it didn't work any better for Fred than it did for *Sonny*. And what does a man do in that situation? He turns to acting. The 32-year-old Williamson has signed to be a male lead in *Joko*, bringing romance to *Dialham Carroll*. After all, he is tall, dark and handsome. Fred admits, and "I am a better actor than a football player."





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It has been a good season for Wes Parker and the Dodgers, but the team is locked solidly into the runner-up spot. Wait till next year

Thanks mostly to the Cincinnati Reds, the Los Angeles Dodgers have been, all season long, like the pretty little girl who is all dressed up with no place to go. At one point last week the Dodgers hung up a second place in the National League West, almost exactly the same number of games ahead of the third-place Atlanta Braves as they were behind the first-place Reds and, contrary to National League tradition, the number was not one to the north and one to the south in the standings but about 10 each way.

"There is no doubt that we are on a strange kind of treadmill," says First Baseman Wes Parker, "but we certainly have nothing to be ashamed of. We have won more games than any team in the Eastern Division."

Over the past two seasons Parker has been perhaps the least-appreciated player in baseball. Always regarded as a superior fielder, he has come on at the age of 30 to become a .300 hitter. He leads the major leagues in doubles with 34 and is on his way to becoming the first Dodger to drive home a hundred or more runs since 1962. "I have never seen a better defensive first baseman than Wes is," Dodger Manager Walter Alston said last week—and Alston has been managing for three decades. "He has always been a dedicated young man who works at things until they come out right, and it doesn't seem to matter to him how long it takes."

In simple confirmation of this assessment is Parker's explanation of how he became such a proficient fielder. "I fielded ground balls in my front yard for five or six hours a day for 10 years," he says. In the last five seasons Parker has made a total of only 25 errors, and even a couple of those were on debatable scoring decisions. "The thing about Wes," says Ted Sizemore, the Dodgers' second baseman, "is that his hands are so supple. They relax when he catches the ball instead of fighting it. Last year as a rookie he told me not to worry and just throw the ball

close to him. If it's close he will make the hard play look easy, and he seems to make almost every play very easy."

Parker's development as a hitter has been generally overlooked. Prior to 1969 Parker had produced only three 50-so years at the plate, never hitting better than .257. He also managed two really bad years and after one of them, a .239 season in 1968, the Dodgers gave up on Parker and tried to trade him.

It was during this same winter that Parker discovered Psycho-Cybernetics, a philosophy devised by Dr. Maxwell Maltz. A diligent student of Psycho-Cybernetics learns to drive negative thoughts from his mind so he can concentrate on the task at hand without fear of failure.

"A friend of mine had been very impressed by Psycho-Cybernetics," Parker says, "and he was so convinced it could help me that I went to San Diego and attended a four-day course in executive research which specialized in it. The classes ran from 10 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon and I really got sold on the concept. I felt it could help an athlete just as much as a man in the business world. In fact, the fear of failure is much bigger in sports than it is in business."

Not long after completing the course Parker went to spring training, where he encountered another positive thinker, Dixie Walker. Walker, the old Brooklyn hitting hero, was the Dodger batting instructor, and he went to work with Parker from the first day of the training period. "Wes' flaw as a hitter," Dixie said the other evening, "was that he always seemed to hit the ball to the same place. He tried to pull too much. He needed to hit the ball where it was pitched in order to become a good hitter. Today, with his hitting improved, he is the most complete player on our club. Now he takes batting practice with an absolute purpose in mind instead of just going up there and swinging."



PARKER LEARNED TO HIT BY THE BOOK

By the end of last week Parker had 76 RBIs, and at that pace will soon be the first switch hitter to knock in a hundred runs in a season since Mickey Mantle managed the feat in 1964.

The majority of switch hitters, of course, are small men who hit either at the top or the bottom of the batting order. Mantle was an exception, as are 6'4" rookie Ken Singleton of the Mets and 6'2" Ken Henderson of the Giants. The greatest edge a switch hitter has is that the curveball is always breaking in toward him, and with men in scoring position, that is a considerable advantage. "I've hit in every spot in the batting order at one time or another," Parker says, "but three, four and five are the best. You have to take too many pitches when you lead off, and hitting second is very difficult because there are so many things you have to do to protect and advance the lead-off runner."

Last year Parker was one of the major reasons why the Dodgers were in a contending position in the West. In July, however, he had to have his appendix removed, and although he did come back by the middle of August to raise his average above .300, it was obvious that the operation had taken its toll. Nevertheless, he hit .278—his highest av-

erage in the majors. Moreover, his 68 RBIs were also far and away the most he had ever managed. This year Parker has had spectacular days at the plate that have shown his power, speed and versatility. In a game against the Mets he hit for the cycle with a single, double, triple and home run. Last Friday against the Expos he singled, doubled and tripled in three times at bat.

He credits Psycho-Cybernetics with helping him most in the areas of relaxation and confidence, the two vital psychological parts of hitting. "I just feel now," he says, "that when I go up to the plate I am going to accomplish something—and I never had that feeling before. I felt that .300 was meant for other players but not for me. It's so much more fun to play baseball when you feel that when you go up to the plate you are going to get a hit."

The circle of athletes now utilizing Psycho-Cybernetics appears to be widening every day. Tennis star Cliff Richey, who won the national clay-court title Sunday, is perhaps the leading advocate, and Parker is only one of many Dodgers to swear by Dr. Maltz' philosophy. Bill Singer, a 20-game winner in 1969, was reading *Creative Living for Today*, an application of Psycho-Cybernetics involving "15 valuable mental exercises utilizing self-image psychology" before he won his eighth game of the year last week. In many respects Singer is the medical marvel of sports because many doubted that he would be throwing a baseball at all following an attack of infectious hepatitis which put him on the disabled list for 52 days not long after this season started.

Even now, although recovered sufficiently to play again, Singer is not allowed even one drop of alcohol, one spoonful of ice cream or any fat for a whole year. Nevertheless, three weeks ago Singer pitched a no-hitter against the Philadelphia Phillies, and he has turned in four complete games since his return.

Singer is in the mold of Don Drysdale as a pitcher. Good-looking, tall and a native Californian, he has also been known to throw very close to the hairs of the chinny-chin-chin of opposing batters, and he has often been accused of throwing a pitch which seems wet, drops swiftly and might most appropriately be called a spurve.

His no-hitter was most symbolic of

the Dodgers' whole season. The day he pitched it Los Angeles lost half a game on the Reds when they won a doubleheader. Nevertheless, the Dodgers are not completely frustrated. The farm system is on its way to producing two pennant winners, and no Dodger minor-league team is worse than third place. The Reds have their work cut out for them in the future because there are a lot of Dodger kids ready to come up out of the minors bearing hope and books by Dr. Maxwell Maltz.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NL EAST

NEW YORK briefly returned to the lead for the first time since July 11 with Tommie Agee driving in the go-ahead runs in the go-ahead game. The last time Agee had made an RBI was the day the Mets fell from the lead. Tom Seaver then helped the Mets stay in first place by pitching a three-hit, 13-strikeout victory which brought his record for the year to 16-5. It looked more like a game between the Steelers and the Falcons, but the 20-10 PITTSBURGH-Atlanta score last week was indeed from a scrimmage between the Pirates (page 18) and the Braves. "They gave us the two-minute warning and it broke our momentum," said Steve Blass of the Pirates' failure to rack up any more touchdowns in their big win. "I thought our end-around play was the turning point," added the Bucs' Bill Mazeroski. "It was safer on the field than in the stands," said a Brave after the teams blasted eight home runs. Pirate Willie Stargell had two of the homers and added three doubles, and teammate Bob Robertson also had five hits. The Pirates batted around in three different innings as both teams combined for 37 hits and 75 total bases. "I want to help as long as I stick around," said wandering Joe Pepitone when he was warned to CHICAGO last week from the Astros. Pepitone, who has taken flight from his teams—the Yankees and the Astros—the past two seasons, may have been hinting at further unauthorized excursions, but for the moment he could not have made Leo Durocher and the Cubs happier. He drove in the winning run in his first game with them. An over-the-hill tennis player outslugged the world heavyweight champion in PHILADELPHIA. The Phillies invited eight athletes from other sports for a home-run contest, and Joe Frazier claimed before the swiping began, "I can clear the roof easily. I can hit that ball a mile or

more. They might have another Richie Allen on their hands." Then he hit exactly one of 10 balls out of the infield. The winner was 46-year-old former tennis champ Vic Seisav, who hit five balls, one of them carrying 300 feet, into the outfield. St. Louis recovered from a brief dip to sixth place as Steve Carlton ended a personal five-game losing streak and pitched his eighth complete game of the season. Rusty Staub hammered five home runs for MONTREAL. In one game, he homered to break a tie and then saved rookie Pitcher Carl Morison's 14th win with a leaping one-handed catch over the fence in right field. After making the grab Staub pegged a strike to first to double up a base runner. Later he belted four homers and drove in six runs as the Expos swept both games of a doubleheader from the Dodgers.

PIT 59-48 NY 58-48 CH 34-51
PHIL 45-54 ST. L. 47-55 MONT 46-50

NL WEST

"We will win our division—people, don't get worried," CINCINNATI Manager Sparky Anderson told a luncheon audience last week. Anderson was hardly going out on a limb with his team 12 games ahead, but there was some cause for concern. Pitchers Jim Merritt, Wayne Simpson and Jim McGlothlin were all showing signs of wear. Merritt, who was considered the ace of the staff, was battered by the Cubs last week. He has lost seven of his last 11 decisions. Simpson is bothered by a muscle inflammation in his arm, and McGlothlin has not won since July 4, 10 days before the All-Star Game. One very healthy item for the Reds is attendance, which added up to 1,374,000 last week, already the highest in the club's 101-year history. LOS ANGELES, which had never lost a game at the Expos' Jerry Park, nullified an opportunity to gain ground on the Reds. After nine straight victories in Canada the Dodgers did a damaging turnabout and lost both games of a doubleheader. ATLANTA fans are understandably disappointed over the Braves' performance this season but, surprisingly, some Georgians are calling for Henry Aaron to be traded because, they maintain, The Hammer no longer drives in the important runs. They could not be more wrong. When Aaron declared the Cardinals with a two-run home run last week it marked the 28th time he has put the Braves ahead in games this year, 10 more than any other hitter on the club. He has also knocked in 48% of the runners who were in scoring position when he came to bat. SAN FRANCISCO's Ken Henderson, returning to the lineup after suffering a muscle pull, collected nine hits, drove in eight runs and was on base 12 times in his first three games back in the starting lineup. HOUSTON sent controversial all-purpose reliever Jim Boydon down to the minors and then called in Spill Lee,

continued

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BASEBALL

a self-proclaimed "good witch," to straighten out the Astros. In a pregame rite Miss Leek brewed magic powders in her cauldron and stumbled winning incantations at the home team. She, too, may now be headed for Oklahoma City to join Houston, since the Astros lost their first game under her spell 5-1. "There's something wrong, but I can't quite put my finger on it," said Astros President Buzzie Bavasi after his team lost four straight. The Padres also were having trouble putting their fingers on anything. They committed seven errors during the slump, including three in the first inning of one game before the opponents had made an out.

CIN 74-54 L.A. 80-44 ATL 80-58
SF 46-55 HOU 46-56 SD 43-66

AL EAST The Royals had been making just about every edge lately. The Orioles had defeated the expansion team 21 straight times to tie a 43-year-old major-league record for consecutive victories over a single opponent, but the scores of the last six games, 7-6, 1-2, 1-4, 3-5, 4 and 3-1, indicated that KC was apt to win one any year now. The recent closeness worried Jim Palmer, the Orioles' starter, as they tried to break the record. "I'd feel terrible being a losing pitcher after we went this far," he said. Palmer, it turned out, had no reason for concern. Led by Merv Rettenmund's four hits, the Orioles scored early six times and eased to 2-1 straight with a 9-3 victory. Then the Orioles won their 23rd straight, too, 10-8 in front relievers found the Royals more than just worrisome, as the Tigers twice lost games by one run to them. Fred Scherman was beaten by a ninth-inning home run, and two nights later Tom Finnerman was defeated by a run-scoring single in the 10th. The losses helped New York, which won six straight, to make up 2½ games in the standings and regain a tie for second with the Tigers. Sonny Siebert, the Braves' right-hander who had already pitched a two-hitter, a three-hitter and a five-hitter this season, filled in one of the missing numbers in his straight flush by shutting out the Angels on one hit. Siebert, who had come within an out of a no-hitter in June, gave up a single in the third inning to Jay Johnstone and needed rubouts between innings by Trainer Buddy Blevins to end back spasms which have bothered him during his recent six-game winning streak. Steve Hargan, who returned to ESTABLISHED on July 16 after a month of recuperating his pitches down on the farm, has a less-than string going, too. In four starts since rejoining the Indians Hargan has allowed only 14 hits and won all his games. Ted Williams has made Washington an improved team—but in a way no one, least of all Williams—would have expected. The once-erratic Senator defense could set a

record for fielding excellence this season. The master of hitting has not, however, had as much luck with his team's offense. The Senators, who hit .244 while losing five of six games last week, are last in the league in batting average.

BALT 46-36 DET 57-47 NY 57-47
BOS 53-50 CLEV 51-55 WASH 47-55

AL WEST

MINNESOTA avoided its first four-game losing streak of the year by scoring eight runs in the 10th inning against the Tigers. After dropping three close games in a row and struggling for nine innings to stay even with the Tigers, the Twins, led with two-run hits by Rick Remick and Cesar Tovar, broke out of their slump with their biggest rally since the fourth game of the season. Winning 11 of its last 13 games, UALABO tied for second place. Two Cats named Hunter and Grant pitched the A's greatest win, 2-1 over the Red Sox. Catfish started and stayed on long enough to gain his 15th win but needed 2 1/2 innings of scoreless relief help from Mudcat. Grant, the former starter who has appeared in 50 games as a reliever this year, now has a 1.13 ERA. CALIFORNIA dropped below second place for the first time this season and, as seems to happen wherever he goes, the Angels' top hitter, Alex Johnson, who has played on four different teams in his five full years in the majors, was getting a substantial share of the blame. "I'm not happy with either his bat or his drive," said Manager Lefty Phillips. Johnson, who has been hailed into the manager's office for long therapy sessions and has also been fired for failure to hustle in the outfield and on the base paths, has by the latest statistical count failed to run out 15 batted balls which might have resulted in base hits. Bob Oliver hit two homers in one game and a run-scoring single in the 10th of another to give KANSAS CITY its only victories and himself some respect in his own house. When Oliver is not producing on the field, his wife greets him at home after games by saying, "Man, you really had yourself a bad night." Even though MINNEAPOLIS surprised the team's attendance for all of last year, when it played in Seattle, Bernie Brewer, the man in the lederhosen who will remain atop the County Stadium scoreboard until the Brewers draw a capacity crowd, is still a piece of stranded promotional brainware. Grabbing the PA microphone after one game last week, he pleaded, "Good night, everybody, and hurry back. I want to get down from here." Cynical fans at CLEVELAND'S Comiskey Park are calling their team the Big White Machine, which sounds more like a piece of laundry equipment than a menacing ball club. Aptly so, since the White Sox, who are installed in the basement 30 games out of first place, are clearly washed up for the season.

MINN 54-36 CAL 35-45 OAK 55-45
MIL 35-57 KC 35-57 CHC 35-70

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Hollis and the swinging Stacy clan

At 16, she won most of the honors available in her favorite sport. Now if she could just get sister Laurie to clean their bedroom . . .

It is a normal dinner hour at the Stacy house. Gil, the oldest son, is married and away at law school. Laurie, 20, having bemoaned the fact that her sister Hollis never cleans their bedroom, has vacated the premises for the evening. Tommy, 18, and John, 14 (who is called the Bomb because most of the time he looks like one just hit him), are off at a couple of golf tournaments. The rest of the Stacy family, however, is at home on Gwinnett Street in Savannah, Ga.

Jeun, 11, jumping high and touching her toes in midair; Mary, 9, demonstrating a graceful procuette before breaking out her drawing of a scrub-woman playing golf with a bearded hippie; Martha, 8, turning somersaults while squealing; Ann, 7, turning somersaults while rolling into Martha and screeching; Aimee, 6, doing a passable rendition of *I Love You Truly* on their electric organ, Hollis, 16, bemoaning the fact that her sister Laurie never cleans their bedroom and petting the Siamese, Samantha. Meanwhile, Jack, the father, is sipping a vodka tonic and wondering what is on television, and Matilda, the mother, is shouting at little Aimee not to hit the flut note again on *Travis, Dear*. Somewhere in all this, Mrs. Stacy is also explaining to the family's forewarned but unarmed guest that her own father, a roving sea captain, once having disembarked rather shakily upon Scotland near St. Andrews and having heard of the fame of the Old Course, went ahead to play 18 (though he didn't know one end of a golf club from the other) and to "shoot about 500—drunk as a coot."

Such confusion and enthusiasm for golf still colors the lives of the Jack Stacy clan. Dad, a commercial architect, is a two-handicapper, while mom plays to a 10. John the Bomb to an eight and Tommy to just about scratch. Tommy, in fact, recently won the Georgia PGA tournament for boys and, with it, a \$1,000 scholarship. But the star of the family, indeed the new golfing prodigy of all the land, is their pug-nosed, pierced-eared, lemon lollipop of a sis-

ter, sugarhearted Hollis, the Vamp of Savannah and the USGA.

Through the years girls' junior golf has been populated with more precocity than anyone has had time to count or care about. Judy Torluemke, for example, was low amateur in the 1960 Women's Open at a tender 15. Roberta Albers, the prototype of a sporting child-star, was 14 when she reached the semifinals of the Women's Amateur in 1961. Yet the accomplishments of brown-haired, brown-eyed Hollis Stacy during the last year have stirred the interest and curiosity of the game's most jaded observers. Recently the old pro Tony Penna was asked to evaluate her swing. "Don't let anybody touch her," he said. "She could play with a broom."

Last August Hollis, then 15, became the youngest girl ever to win the USGA Girls' Junior Championship. She also was medalist in the Western Junior, won the Georgia women's state tournament and the Savannah city championship. Then, in April, on the famed Pinehurst No. 2 course, she proceeded to win the North and South amateur against many of the best female golfers in the country, playing 97 holes of match play (six matches) in seven-under-par. Along the way she defeated veterans Tish Prews and Martha Wilkinson on the same day, then crushed Mrs. Alice Dye 6 and 4 in the finals. "I think I know how the first woman to lose to young Babe Zaharias must have felt," said Mrs. Dye.

Because she failed to make the cut at the Women's Open last month, Hollis was kept from a starting spot on the U.S. Curtis Cup team. Some voices around the ladies' tee have been raised to say that she should have been selected anyway. A North and South champion is almost always picked and, besides, she has defeated four Curtis Cuppers in match play. But Hollis hides her disappointment admirably. "It's my own fault," she says. "I shouldn't have left it to chance."

Her good friend Nancy Hager, from Dallas, who is a Curtis Cup appointee, and the two blonde Californians, Debbie Grove and 14-year-old Laura Baugh,



BROWN-HAIRED Hollis Stacy lowers her ire after practice for the Girls' Junior.

will be Hollis' stiffest challengers for the Girls' Junior championship that begins this week at Apawamis Country Club in Rye, N.Y. If somebody doesn't stop her there, when will they? Next summer the junior tournament, as well as the Women's Amateur, will be held in her home state of Georgia.

"Hallelujah!" says Hollis' mother. "We'll get them then. We'll have the whole family out rooting."

Growing up in a family of 10 children probably had a lot to do with generating Hollis' competitive spirit, but the scrapbook of her early athletic achievements shows that golf came only after other adventures. Early on, she was a tennis player, then a champion softball thrower in a parochial-league meet, then a forward on her Blessed Sacrament eighth-grade basketball team.

All along, she loved swimming above everything, but ear trouble forced a switch to golf when she was 11. Hollis "played like a nut for three months," sometimes 42 holes a day, through mosquitoes, sun and dust at the Savannah Golf Club. She became dehydrated, suffered heatstroke, lost 10 pounds and missed the first week of school. After a few months she shot 43-43—86, but nobody believed her, least of all, boys. A couple of them played a friendly match with her soon thereafter, and when she went par, birdie, eagle on the last three holes they walked off the green, presumably to go find a football.

Three years ago Hollis entered her first national junior, at Hacienda Golf Club in La Habra, Calif., a tournament where "all I remember is Mrs. David Welts going around watching everybody, and then me hitting it into the swimming pool off the practice tee." Then, last summer, she won the title by defeating beautiful Jane Fanning.

"Baby" is what most of the other girls call Hollis, but at home she is hardly coddled as a celebrity. After she won the North and South she baby-sat for two days while her parents caught up on their own games. Her baby sisters recently were made to clean the house for a visiting journalist. "Oh, why did Hollis have to go and do all this?" asked 9-year-old Mary, who tends toward the dramatic. "Why? Why? Oh, I hate it. I hate golf."

Among a parental group whose zeal for the success of their offspring some-

times forces the USGA to bar some of their number from the course during tournaments, the Stacy approach is unique, refreshing and, on occasion, somewhat humorous. After Hollis had failed to telephone back home following her first round in this year's open (which was also the birthday of her mother and brother), Jack Stacy ripped off this biting telegram: "Your mother's birthday has come and gone. Stop. I hope you shank and OB all day. Stop."

"I never get mad at what my kids shoot or how they score," says Jack. "I just want them to call and tell me what happened." Tillie Stacy is even more to the point. "We don't insist on Hollis practicing or anything like that. Too many mothers shoot off their mouths when they shouldn't."

The attendant problems of sibling rivalry have not been lost on the Stacy family. Tommy, an outstanding golfer in his own right, has often been wounded and, according to his mother, "had his nose put out of joint." In the newspapers Tommy is always "the brother of . . ." At school his classmates sometimes refer to him as "Hollis." After Tommy won the state PGA scholarship a reporter asked him if he was "inspired" by Hollis. "I inspire her," he said.

"Hollis gets good press, Tommy gets bad press," explains their father. "I hope this doesn't hurt you," he said to her the other day, "but Tommy is a better golfer than you are in some respects."

"You're really hurting me, Dad," Hollis replied, with no little sarcasm. Later, she remarked, "I realized a long time ago that when I hear boys their feelings were hurt. It's all pride. They felt like moles, and I understand."

Apart from golf Hollis lives the normal teen existence: school (honor roll), movies (*M*A*S*H**), books (*The Godfather*), music (Three Dog Night), clothes, cars and boys, none of whom she dates steadily.

She is almost indifferent about her future in the game since she has no desire for the life of a professional golfer. "It would be a good business, I suppose," she says. "But I couldn't do it constantly. I get sick of the game after two weeks. Some of the amateur women have the perfect setup—they have married well, they can have babies and stay at home and then go to the tournaments they

want to go to. I'd like that. But I don't think I'll play competitively after I'm 24. By then I'd better be settled down."

For now she is content with facing up to no problems more serious than an occasional dispute between her younger sisters—like this one, that took place at the golf club restaurant:

Martha: "Can I sign for a sandwich?"

Mary: "You don't know how to write the order."

Martha: "Well, yes I do, but I don't know how to spell it."

Mary: "You don't know how to spell *bacon*?"

Martha: "Oh, that? Sure . . . BLT."

At moments like that, Hollis may walk out on the golf course alone and practice short irons and sand shots, the finest part of her game. Then she will play some monkey golf—zigzag around the course, skipping holes, crossing others, deliberately hitting into three traps before aiming for the greens, playing the course backward, for she hates to play 18 straight through.

Often she will set up situations—challenges to herself—as she did recently while playing the 9th hole of the difficult Harbor Town course on Hilton Head Island, S.C.

"Here she is, golf fans," Hollis intoned into an imaginary microphone while preparing to hit her second shot. "Hollis Stacy in deep trouble now after a bad drive. She is way off the fairway in weeds and dirt and has to come a long way over trees into a tiny green with the flag set back into the right. How to get it up and down for a birdie and her fifth open championship?"

Hollis skulled her second shot onto a hard mound and left it still 30 yards short.

"She hits and . . . whoops. A skull! Onto a mound in weeds, in between trees. What can she do now?" announced Hollis. "She needs a four to be and force a playoff tomorrow. It's an impossible shot. Wow, what a situation to be in, going for her fifth open title!"

Then Hollis Stacy set herself, lips grim, eyes wild, shiny red earrings taut—golf's new Shirley Temple at the crossroads—and pitched dead on the stick, a foot away. She made par and tied for her fifth open title. Only Hollis knows if she won the playoff but, wow, what a situation to be in.

END



Soft-spoken and hard-hitting, California's Ray Lunny, the top U.S. Olympic hope, was taught to box by his father, the Stanford coach.

Chip off the old redwood

The two of them, the old man and the kid, walking down East Santa Clara Street in San Jose, turned at the El Robo Restaurant and began climbing the carpeted stairway to Babe Griffin's gym on the second floor. Sam (Turk) Kazaka went up first, because there wasn't room on the stairs for two at a time. Ray Lunny watched him limp up the steps and stopped with him when Turk paused to read one of the faded yellow fight posters that papered the walls. Then the old man lit a foul cigar. The old bones were creaking and the stairs were hard to manage.

The stairs led to three rooms that once served as a garish dance hall. The jukebox, tables and crepe paper were replaced by punching bags, a scale, a 7-Up wall clock and the ring. Turk placed himself on the electric heater next to the ring and watched the shadowboxing. Soon Ray was ready, and Turk helped his 19-year-old protégé into gloves.

Ray sparred with an older fighter who, only a year ago, was a highly ranked

featherweight contender. Now, though, he was declining. A small Filipino manager stood by the heater next to Turk. "A good boxer is not all muscle, he must have something up here," he said, touching a finger to his head. "Now that guy that Ray's with, he can take a whipping and he can give one out—but for what? He's been fighting professionally for more than seven years but look at Ray outsmart him. At his weight right now there is no amateur around who can stand Ray Lunny. He's too smart."

Turk smiled, nodding his approval, and dropped a long ash from his cigar. He is 81, and was a professional fighter himself just after the turn of the century. Watching Ray fight is a good way to spend his retirement and bring back those years.

Raymond Edward Lunny III has sparred more than 2,000 rounds at Babe Griffin's gym. The two hours he spends there each day have shaped him into the AAU featherweight champ and the United

States' most talented amateur. Thus far this year he has also won the San Francisco Examiner Golden Gloves, the Pacific Coast and National AAU titles and the North American Amateur Championship. His most impressive achievement, however, came last February when he left Calhoun College in Redwood City and traveled to Russia as part of an AAU national team, where he became the only U.S. double winner.

In Moscow his opponent was Boris Kuznetsov, a brawler who had won 137 out of 140 fights. Lunny's speed and elusiveness so frustrated the Russian, though, that Kuznetsov actually tackled Lunny around the waist in the second round. The crowd of 15,000 at the Sports Center whistled abusively at their countryman for this tactic. Ray opened a cut over Kuznetsov's right eye moments later and went on to win a unanimous decision in the three-round fight. In Minsk a few days later, against left-hander Vitali Kalmykov, Lunny fought more aggressively, moving toward Kalmykov's powerful left hand, following right leads to the body with staggering lefts to the Russian's head. He won the decision easily.

Returning to California, Lunny was greeted proudly by the citizens of Redwood City, who were pleased to claim The Boy Who Beat the Russians as their own. The City Council gave him a plaque and the Peninsula All Sports Club named him its "favorite son."

It was no upset. Lunny has a handsome face and an engaging smile, and his hair is short and neatly combed. He is proud to hear *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and when Ray heard a spectator heckle the anthem at the North American championships in Vancouver, B.C. last June, he declared: "I could kill him as easily as shake his hand."

"Ray is a sweet kid," says his father, Raymond Edward Lunny, longtime ranked lightweight and for 22 years the boxing coach at Stanford University. "People meet Ray and see how polite and soft-spoken he is and when they hear he's a boxer, well, they just can't believe it."

It was Ray's lack of size—plus his father's subtle guidance—that led him into the ring. Ray was the smallest member of his first-grade class at Roy Cloud Grammar School in Redwood City. "I was 4' 3" and weighed all of 50 pounds," he says. "I felt left out." In tears, he

ran for home the first time he was challenged to a fight.

The following evening Mr. Lunny returned home from Stanford with a pair of Ray Flores boxing gloves, but a week passed before Ray finally picked them up and began sparring with his father. "I never put any pressure on him," Mr. Lunny says. "He always took the initiative by asking me to work with him."

When Ray was 8 Mr. Lunny dressed him in a sport coat, white shirt and red bow tie and drove him to a boys' club. Once there, little Ray was lined up with children his age. They all wore T-shirts and blue jeans and when they saw Ray they yelled in unison, "I want to fight him." After several fights, however, they learned that young Lunny changed his image as easily as he changed his clothes.

Lunny developed his boxing at boys' clubs in San Francisco and in his home town at the Redwood City Police Youth Club. Later he accepted bouts in such out-of-the-way rings as the basement of the Union Hall Building in Modesto,

where the floor was covered with sawdust and the temperature approached 100°. Added to these conditions was the rather unnerving fact that the referee was the manager of Lunny's opponent.

"When he first started out in amateur competition I'd wake up every morning at about 2 o'clock and pace the floor and drink coffee until day-break," Mr. Lunny says. "If he had got hit I wouldn't have allowed him to continue boxing. But he developed. He became a classy little fighter. Someday he wants to turn pro."

"His mother is against that idea, and already she is resentful because his nose is flattening. But I ask her to let Ray have a few pro bouts just to see how well he could do. He'll graduate from college and have a successful job and all, but always he would have the nagging question of how well could he have done with the pros."

Ray is now preparing himself for the 1972 Olympics, but his fanatical preoccupation with this goal and the pros

beyond has left him without a social life. "Because I was always the smallest I felt left out of things," he says. "I began as a loner, and I am still afraid to get involved with anyone. I submerge myself in boxing. Dad will tell me to take a few months off, but after two weeks I have to get back to the gym."

Lunny completed his workout at Babe Griffin's, dressed and left with Turk. It was a beautiful evening, and they took Ray's Volkswagen back up Highway 280 to Redwood City. Turk relaxed, watching the brown roadside through horn-rimmed sunglasses and cigar smoke.

"Why don't you get rid of those five-cent brands and buy yourself a decent cigar?" Lunny asked.

The old man laughed. "Maybe if you'd give me a dollar now and then for helping you I could afford one."

Ray smiled and glanced at his friend. "Someday, Turk," he said, "I'll be a pro. Then I'll buy you boxes. Boxes of the best cigars in the world." **END**

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Hand of the man who invented contract

The late Harold S. Vanderbilt invented contract bridge back in 1925, and he loved the game he invented. The very name of Vanderbilt helped contract bridge to become so enormously popular that by the early '30s it had supplanted auction bridge as America's favorite card game and, very soon, the world's. Vanderbilt also created the first bidding system for the new game, was the inventor of the artificial and forcing one-club opening bid—later the basis of Italy's long reign as world bridge team champion—and of many other theories now standard in the game. He was also one of the game's slowest players. His principal rival in tortoise pace was his favorite partner, Waldemar von Zedlitz, and playing against them was always a protracted as well as a fearsome ordeal. Vanderbilt was slow because he was thorough and because he hated to lose—qualities attributable to his Dutch ancestry as well as to the kind of mind that was able to de-

vise the game's remarkably well-balanced scoring table.

Like several other bridge greats who gave little time to social pursuits, Vanderbilt remained a bachelor until comparatively late. He was 49 when he married. One evening in 1933 Vanderbilt looked at his watch and saw that it was approaching 2 a.m. He then looked at his fellow players and announced that this would have to be his last rubber. Everyone at the table was astonished at this atypical behavior—usually he was the last to quit. Vanderbilt felt called upon to explain. "You see," he said, "I'm getting married tomorrow." This may have been the first public announcement of the event.

In his own books on contract bridge Vanderbilt was modest. He rarely took credit for having played such hands as this one from his 1930 volume. If you would like to share Vanderbilt's problem, look only at the North and South hands and consider how you would play to make six spades.

Nowadays, South players responding to artificial-opening one-club bids have various ways to show the strength of their heart suit immediately. Vanderbilt's system required a one-diamond response with any hand that had less than an ace and a king in high cards. Vanderbilt himself later changed the theory which dictated that North should rebid two no-trump with such a strange shape. At any rate, South's four-heart bid was reasonably descriptive. North's four no-trump rebid simply indicated that hearts was his weak suit, and when South further showed his shape with a bid of five spades North rained to slum. There remained, however, the task of making it. How would you have played it?

A 3-2 spade break must be assumed, and since declarer cannot manage to establish his own heart suit by ruffing, he must play to set up dummy. The opening diamond lead was won in dummy, and Vanderbilt discarded his lone club. Then he ruffed a low club, went to dummy with a high spade, ruffed another low club and returned to dummy with a second high spade to run good clubs. East could ruff with the master trump any time he wished, after which declarer would still have a trump in his hand to ruff a diamond loser, the heart ace on which to discard dummy's other low diamond and a trump in dummy to get back to the good clubs.

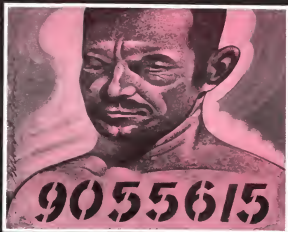
Note that if Vanderbilt had failed to discard a club on the first diamond, necessitating the cashing of a high club first before beginning to ruff low clubs, West could have overruffed the third round of the suit and East would still have had a sure trump trick to stop the slam. **END**

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

		NORTH			
		WEST		EAST	
				SOUTH	
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST		
10	PASS	10	PASS		
3 N.T.	PASS	4♥	PASS		
4 N.T.	PASS	5♠	PASS		
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 3 of diamonds

PRISON GAMES AND OTHER ESCAPES



*For a man doing time on the yard, sports offer
a touch of normality and tangible contact with his
life outside. In short, the con who plays inside
stays inside—at least until the end of his sentence*

BY MALCOLM BRALEY

*When you play ball in prison
You're always on the home team*

—Anonymous Inmate

In a world where the only constant is change, sports represent a function of society in which change is deliberately retarded—life recast closer to the heart's desire. We control the odds, we make the rules, we tame and housebreak chance and circumstance. No radical philosopher rises to cite the historical necessity for the 10-inning game. No team is likely to emulate *The Living Theatre* and move the contest into the stands. The rules are absolute—no exceptions, no mitigations—and ambiguity is banished. For a while we escape from the larger game that shades failure, numbs victory and robs joy of its certainty.

If this is true in the outside world, it is true to the 10th power for men confined in the sterile methodology of a modern prison, where sports become a magnificent obsession.

I entered prison at 18. It's a shock that can't be fully conveyed. The shift is driven home when you are stripped of your own clothes and you see them as if they were a discarded skin. Naked, dazed with a sense of loss, you are handed a new uniform identity. You are invited to become an institutional zombie.

This institution was in the West and today would be called a "cold-water" prison. Built largely before the turn of the century, it was overcrowded and understaffed. Two prisoners were stuffed into each small cell and there weren't jobs to go around. But once the walls are up, and you're behind them, all prisons are much the same. Their function is their essence. Places where you are forced to waste a portion of your life. Despite modern rehabilitative tools, this is what you do in prison. It's probably what you will always do. Hockey players chained in the penalty box while the game goes on.

My own interest in sports was modest. I had played street games with enthusiasm, but I was more noted for

spirit than style, and indifferent coordination dampened any dreams of athletic glory. My interest in organized sports was slender, but I knew Harry Greb was the greatest fighter, pound for pound, who ever lived (still a good 20 years before Sugar Ray claimed this unofficial title) and I knew Babe Ruth ate a lot of hot dogs.

The prison administrators encouraged an active interest in games. The inmate who enjoyed hitting a ball was less likely to hit a guard, they reasoned. The man who bets a few cigarettes on the World Series was less likely to bet his life trying to climb the wall.

But we "fish" knew little of this when we were gathered together and ordered to play softball. New arrivals at any prison are quarantined until they are found to be free of infectious diseases and any tendency toward overt perversion. Despite our outer conformity, we were spiritually as motley as any crew swept up by a press gang. At 18 I was youngest, and to my chagrin instantly dubbed *The Kid*. My polar mate was an ancient of 62 nicknamed *Steamboat* because of the shuffling quality of his locomotion. Between *Steamboat* and myself we bracketed most of the ages and crimes of man, a fair microcosm of any prison population, and most of us were glad of the chance to play softball—even under orders.

We were in the charge of Sergeant Gump, so called because of a generous nose and meager chin that made him look like the cartoon character Andy Gump. His true name was Carpenter, and it was a standing joke to send new fish to address him respectfully as "Sergeant Gump." I was one such innocent, but he took it reasonably well. His eyes snapped with annoyance and he looked around a moment to see if anybody nearby showed the suspicion of a smile before he told me, "It's Carpenter, young man. Sergeant Carpenter." But convict humor is as relentless as it is perverse and he could say "Carpenter" forever and he would still be Sergeant Gump.

Sergeant Gump looked us over for leadership potential and picked two men who had managed to maintain some appearance of health and self-confidence. They would be team captains and choose sides. Naturally they chose their

continued

PRISON GAMES continued

own friends first. Moments before, we had all been equals, united in the security of total failure. Suddenly we were once again classified, spread between the first picks and the last, while the old or clearly feeble were siphoned off as umpires. It was important to me to be chosen—I was afraid I was going to be given some mascot position like bat boy. But I was picked in the comfortable middle of the lottery. Those picked last griped defensively. "I killed seven men in Mississippi with my bare hands . . . what do I care for some lousy ball game?"

But we all did care. We played ball as if the losers were going to catch life while the winners were granted immediate paroles. And the umpires, our shipmates of moments before, began to receive savage abuse. And they, drunks and derelicts, victims of a dozen corrosive failures, took to authority as if born to it. Easier to reverse the Supreme Court than a called third strike.

Steamboat was installed as first-base coach and, since he coached both teams with the same cracked enthusiasm, his influence was safely canceled out. The game was a good one. The pitchers were content to get the ball over the plate and hope for the best. Several long-ball hitters emerged, and the score teetered back and forth into the seventh inning, when the game was called for lockup.

My team won by a single run and I went to my cell with a flush of victory. When the door slammed, the letdown was sudden and complete, but I had learned something about doing time.

A big prison usually has an athletic program as large and diversified as any major college. True, its scouts are the police, and the alumni are rarely heard from, but, in a sense, there are scholarships for star athletes.

Sports inside are apt to maintain the same characteristics as sports outside. Track is of minor interest (except among a few of the prison wits, who persist in volunteering for the mythical cross-country team) and the meets are poorly attended, even by men desperate for diversion. The gut sports, as elsewhere,

are boxing, baseball, football and, to a lesser degree, basketball. Tennis is as somehow upper-class in jail as it is outside. We had several courts hidden away in the hospital recreation yard, where the regular, raggedy, main-line convict is out of bounds, and the sight of the hospital orderlies and lab techs walking across the bag yard all in white with tennis rackets under their arms was as riveting as if they were from Andromeda.

But if slums and ghetto and small-town kids have little chance to learn their way around a tennis court, many of them are wizards at handball. Handball is popular in prison for the same reason it is popular in the streets of deprived areas—all you need is a tennis ball and a wall to knock it against. Also it is the only sport that retains a definite national cast—the Mexican-American prisoners are the handball masters, and one of the first stops for any Chicano entering a Western prison is the handball court, where he can collect and dispense gossip.

When I entered the general population I took up handball myself, and in time even learned to score in Spanish. There was a particular problem on the handball courts that will help to illustrate an underlying condition of prison athletics. The courts are marked off on the side of the license-plate factory, and the factory roof, close to the prison wall, is beyond the *dead* line. Sooner or later all the handballs were knocked to the roof, and anyone trying to retrieve them stood a good chance of being shot.

Periodically, a guard with nothing better to do would harvest this crop of lost balls, and if you happened to be standing around the courts at the time you called up to him he might toss you down a ball or two, like a noblewoman dispensing the dole. But most of the balls were returned to the gym office, where they came into the hands of the inmate clerks, who sold them. Three balls for a pack of smokes. They sold the same balls over and over, which put them in a unique retail position.

The gym clerks have considerable control over the sports programs. No one can stop you if you want to go down to the recreation yard on a Saturday af-





PRISON GAMES

tennoon and pitch a few horseshoes, but if you want an assignment to night gym and entrance to the major athletic programs you must deal with these powerful inmates. The gym quotas are fixed, the facilities will handle only so many, so there's a waiting list. It's your position on this list that's for sale. In our case, you dealt with Fat Charles, a superconvict, sleek, supremely well fed, always freshly shaved, barbered and smelling of Royal Lime. Fat Charles was the gym program. For a bribe of several cartons of smokes he would advance you to the top of the night gym list, sparing you months of waiting.

It's worth noting that a carton of cigarettes was the equivalent of around \$50, since it represented one-tenth of your fixed maximum monthly income. Few cons had this kind of resource, so getting to the gym frequently demanded a substantial sacrifice.

I once found a way around Fat Charles. Not that this most Roman of convicts would have given a genuine damn. When Fat Charles was finally busted he was found to be the central drug supplier to the prison, and among his socks and underwear they found 3,500 cash dollars. My trick was to discover that while the waiting list for night gym remained formidable there was no waiting list for the chess club, which also met in the gym. A friend and I signed up for chess and, recalling Charles Atlas' ads on the evils of having sand kicked in your face, immediately defected to the weight-lifting department.

As soon as he caught on to what we were doing, the convict captain of the chess team, an austere and intellectual Chinese, pulled us up short. "Listen, fellows, you don't con me. You signed to play chess. So play chess or get out."

We explained we didn't know how.

"Now that is really a shame."

The weight lifters had no interest in adopting us. To them we were a total pain. Every time our turn came they had to remove a hundred pounds from the bar. So we were tossed out and left to take our chances with the sand kickers of this world.

Weight lifting is the most pervasive

of all prison athletics and it may well be the most typical. The empty passage of time and the fear of growing old are the prisoner's black beasts. Nothing is more important than to leave prison exactly as you entered it; nothing must change and one magical method of stopping the clock, even reversing it, is body building.

Little Edward was a classic case. He came in the first time wrong out, strung out and hung up, weighing a red-hot 92 pounds after five years on dope. But once in the joint he transferred his addiction from narcotics to iron. He spent every spare moment weight lifting and in two years he weighed 175 pounds and was as sleek and powerful as a huge cat. The parole board was astounded. Never had they seen such a glistering example of total rehabilitation, and they let Little Edward go. Back in his old neighborhood Little Edward immediately got hooked again, and when his parole was violated a year later he once again weighed 92 pounds and shook like a palsied chicken.

The dedicated weight lifters give off a religious smell. They move about their lifts like priests about a ritual, and as is true of most priesthoods many are called and, as usual, few chosen. There are those who start weight training programs as regularly as they quit smoking. They last a few days, a few weeks. Others sinner at bodybuilding. The dream and its demanding discipline is put down as iron freakery, and it's suggested (safely out of earshot of the iron freaks) that they're all narcissists and undercover fags. Powerful motivation is essential because if bodybuilding is going to work it must always hurt.

The king of the weight lifters was the legendary Big Dutch. His best lifts were close to the world's heavyweight record, and it may be true—as it was often said by his admirers—that if he could have stayed out of jail so that he could have eaten and trained properly he could have been the world champion. He was also agile enough to be a member of the wrestling team. Fortunately, he was good-natured—a huge man with a large red face and small but amiable blue eyes.

He was a career convict doing—as the jost has it—life on the installment plan. Occasionally the parole board relented and he was released long enough to live on a good drunk.

On one, Big Dutch went into a bar where he had already made himself unpopular and asked for a drink. The bartender said, "No." Dutch, already haggard, assumed the bartender hadn't heard, and asked again. "No," the bartender said. "I said no. I mean no. You are eighty-sixed forever. You will never get another drink here as long as this bar is standing."

Dutch absorbed this information slowly, his eyes blinking with the effort. Then he nodded, reached across, seized the other side of the bar and with one heave pulled it down. The beer taps gushed toward the ceiling, the automatic bartenders streamed Coke, soda and water.

The bartender studied the ruin, then politely asked, "What're you drinking?"

Not everyone had to hibe and angle his way into the athletic program. There were the regulars, men who seem intuitively to understand the connections of the society whether it's high school, politics or jail. They bob to the top like corks with apparently no more effort. From the moment they hit the gate they had a certain confident air, and while the average inmate was still waiting in line for a chance to swing on a horizontal bar they would already be pitching for the handball team or calling signals at football. This special aura wasn't always related to athletic ability, and participation on the various teams wasn't always motivated by a love of sports. It was first and foremost a means of creating an identity in an environment inadvertently designed to diminish the individual. For many men sport was the only activity that bore any relationship to the real world, the one area in their lives where winning and losing still had meaning.

A former relief pitcher for a major league team arrived one week, and proved to be such a one. He had been convicted of murder second in the death of his girl friend, and he was a hero before he ever hit the gate. It didn't mat-

ter that he wasn't much of a success in the majors. He had been in that major circle that came to us from the other side of our earphones.

Whatever privilege was available, the pitcher had it, because the guards were as hooked on sports as we were. It was baseball season when he began his sentence and he was rushed through orientation so he could take the field, and against amateur and semipro teams he was a giant. His second season in prison he sparked an undefeated team. The only possibility of upset came when the pitcher was thrown into solitary for running a brewery in the laundry. Dismay. Everyone knew the team couldn't win without him, I was never close to the real power in the prison so I don't know what pressures were brought, what was applied, but by order of the captain of the guards the pitcher was released every Saturday afternoon for the weekly game and locked up again afterward. It was common for favored athletes to receive diet cards which were good for extra food, but the pitcher was the only one ever sprung out of solitary.

If these men and a few others had hints of greatness, there were hundreds who struggled as hopeless amateurs only able to delude themselves that some route to glory lay open. One of the principal psychological functions of a prison is to screen those who persist in confining themselves against the realization of failure. On the surface this is an absurd statement, for prison itself must be the ultimate failure. But for the younger prisoners this social judgment doesn't apply, and the prison becomes a Coventry, a stasis where the normal designations of success or failure no longer hold. It's possible to fantasize endlessly. Reality is postponed until the day you walk out through the big gates. Ballplayers who would be outclassed in the Little Leagues dreamed of the day a scout from the majors would discover them, and boxers whom it would be a kindness to describe as fourth-rate dreamed of claiming the title.

One man, a tiny flyweight, killed his opponent in a practice bout. This was worth an inch in the local newspaper,

but he carried this clipping, folded into his billfold, convinced he only had to show it to a fight manager and begin his relentless march toward the title. Meanwhile, he lost almost every bout.

If individuals were usually fooling themselves, the inmate teams were usually quite good in comparison to the amateur and semipro teams they played against. The prison provided a larger manpower pool than the bottling plants and factories that sponsored most of the opposition, and age also played a part in the inmates' superiority. The average prisoner is under 35, so it was only the service teams that provided any real competition. The big gaudy matches each year were the football games played against the local Marine base. These games were savage, and sometimes even provided memorable football. It would be easy to imagine that prisoners would be poor sportsmen, but it's fair to say that unless heavy gambling entered into it they usually played clean. The umpires, also inmates, were notoriously and curiously harder on their own.

Refusing to relinquish their right to bitch, however, prisoners claim they play under enormous disadvantages. For one thing, they have little time to practice. If you point out that men who work for a living and play ball in their leisure can't have any more time for practice, they will immediately cite the food. The food is the No. 1 topic in any jail.

The universal complaint of the prison athlete is that you can't train on beans. The fact is that it has been 50 years since beans provided the staple diet of most prisons, and their menus are prepared by dietitians. Despite this, the argument has lost none of its currency among inmates. Clearly, prisoners are no fair match for the straight-world amateur athlete who trains on hot dogs, hamburgers and French fries.

I didn't get to play much myself until after I was assigned to the prison road camp. Probably when you imagine a prison work camp you see a Southern chain gang with Cool Hand Luke sweating and smoldering under the gun. Actually an assignment to camp is usually a privilege. You work your tail off, but you

continued

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PRISON GAMES

get better food and all the fresh air you can use. I hit camp in winter, and the wind and the rain tore the road up almost as fast as we could build it, but we hung tight because soon it would be spring and we were going to play softball. There was a rocky field in back of the camp and a sagging backstop, and we hoped to find opponents among the local loggers and millhands, although we had been warned they had difficulty assembling nine sober men on any given Saturday afternoon.

In the spring our first major problem was to clear and level the field, which also served as the fairway for our five-hole prison golf course. A record rainfall had carried away most of the dirt to reveal a forest of rocks scored with raw gullies. We decided to sneak the grader down from the road site and save ourselves a lot of work. There is seldom anyone left in camp from one season to the next. We were all short-timers (a natural precaution) and no one had warned us that the softball field had been chewed out of solid rock, and it hadn't been chewed very finely. Our grading operation, conducted in the evening, scraped off the thin cover of remaining dirt, denuding all of left field and part of center.

In the morning the chief guard, a softball nut, surveyed the mess. "All right, which one of you orangutans is responsible for this brilliant idea?"

Three orangutans felt obliged to step forward, and were supplied with road-building equipment considerably more primitive—wheelbarrows and shovels—and put to restoring the earth cover. We were also read out by angry prisoner golfers, who all immediately added five strokes to their handicaps.

It took several weeks to clear the field, and some of us became obsessed, continuing until we had a surface as smooth as a billiard table. We had nothing else to do with our spare time. In the evenings we wet it down and rolled it, and stared resentfully at the golfers as they played through. The golfers had a single set of clubs and a handful of chewed balls donated by a Catholic priest who had given the game up.

As soon as practice began, another problem jumped up. In an effort to improve his golf drive, the inmate clerk had trained the camp dog, Silver, to shag his drives. They had precise rules. Once Silver returned a ball he wouldn't give it up until the clerk hit another, otherwise Silver would settle down to eat the ball he had. He'd husk them and

begin to chew at the rubber bands until they were festooned around his muzzle.

So at beginning softball practice, when the first clean hit cracked and arched out toward deep center field, there was suddenly an extra fielder Silver took the ball on the first bounce and started toward home plate. He stopped 10 feet short, dropped the ball, crouched over it and began to bark for another hit. When anyone came near him he seared the ball and ran off. This was a game he knew well and none of us felt we could argue successfully with a 120-pound police dog. Finally we had to tie Silver up, and our practice sessions were punctuated with his laments as the vision of unchewed and unchewed balls unstrung his reason.

Our next setback came when we learned we had no pitching. Out of 12 applicants only one showed anything at all, and he had but a single pitch—a tepid fastball. He also had a control problem so serious that the man waiting in the batter's circle was the one most likely to be hit by a pitched ball. The hurler's name was Wallace Underhill, and he was a generation out of Alabama; loud, simple and essentially good-natured except for a fixed tendency to take money at gunpoint. He figured it would take him a few weeks of pitching to get his stuff back, and we believed him. He tried hard. Every evening after practice he stayed on the field with the catcher, but his curve refused to bend, his fastball gained no velocity and the catcher spent more time chasing wild pitches than he did signaling.

To Wally, after a life of punitive obscurity, any attention was good, and he relished his position as forlorn hope. He realized that despite our amused sarcasm we were hoping he'd come through. And while Wally was enjoying his moment, our game strategists (those ball sharks who each year mastermind the pennant races from in front of the TV) decided that our best plan was to try to get a lot of hits.

As it happened, two days before the first game the camp wagon pulled in with a load of fish and among them was one of those natural athletes and in-



stinctive ball handlers. Naturally he could pitch a little bit, and his little bit made Wally's desperate efforts to get the ball across the plate seem ludicrous. An hour after he stepped off the truck Wally was a leftfielder.

Our first game was also the last. The loggers and millhands showed up two hours late and already well cued. They had prepared for the game in a bar, and they had invited along some girls who happened to be at the plunk. They also loaded up with extra beer, which they left in the cars for use when they were at bat. The girls served as mascots on their bench. Some of us had not seen a girl or smelled the odor of real beer in years.

The camp guards viewed this with abject dismay. They considered the combination of beer, girls and convicts the same as gasoline and matches in a dry forest. They fully expected us to rise up like starving animals and riot. None of us was likely to freak out over beer—we made and drank our own in secret—but the girls were something else. None of them would raise anxieties among average go-go girls, but in our furnished appreciation they were sex queens. To a man we shared, each of us hoping levership to make a grandstand play and create a moment of personal excitement. In addition, we looked splendid—all marvelously equipped in new shoes, shirts and caps, with 20 new balls and a forest of bats—while the loggers took the field in T-shirts and jeans. One of the loggers looked our gear over and remarked that he may have made a mistake when he decided to work for a living. The oldest man on our team was 30, the loggers fielded a 70-year-old Indian, and he was one of their stars. Also, they were drunk and getting drunker.

It was a rout. It got so bad we put in Wally to pitch so they could get some hits, but Wally misunderstood and succeeded only in walking five men.

To show what sports they were, the loggers smuggled us a few cans of beer, enough for a swallow or two apiece, and the ladies' men among us managed to strike up conversations with the girls.

When the loggers and the girls left,

the guards called us together and said: "That crap just came to a screeching halt." It heralded the end of our extra-curricular season. The spring and summer stretched ahead, but we still had the league games on the radio and TV, and in the evenings we sometimes played work-up. The golfers were *savag*.

When I look back on those years, there is one figure who still stands out larger than life—Rusty Calder.

Rusty was a boxer with such a marvelous combination of power and grace that he was a joy to watch. The beauty of his ringwork made you realize that all dancing is only an extension of this primal art. Rusty had been a promising club fighter with an unbroken string of knockouts, but before he could be brought along he was arrested and convicted for robbery. He claimed the boxing establishment had held him back because he wouldn't sign himself over to them, but he also suffered severely from asthma, and maybe like so many of us he had some critical short circuit in his mind.

No sport is larger in the prison's unconscious than boxing. It is the primitive encounter, slightly stylized, in a setting where violence is always imminent, and a man who's tough with his hands is feared and respected even if he's a mindless bully. Rusty was no bully. He was mild and wryly humorous, but then he could afford to be.

He was great for our morale because he made a practice of kayaking the professional lighters who came to box exhibitions. They came expecting a light workout, and Rusty savaged them like a tiger at a post. But then his asthma grew so serious he could no longer fight. In time he was paroled and then a few months later we heard he had been shot and killed in a supermarket robbery. Prisoners are not noted for sentimentality, but Rusty Calder had stood for something in our common mind, and years after his death you would hear his name and someone would be trying to convey the quality of his style. He was our *Bix Beiderbecke*—young, brilliant and doomed—and, for a while, at least, he had helped us all escape. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WILLIE'S MAGNITUDE

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on your excellent article about an extraordinary man, Willie Mays (Yes, Mr. Mays, July 27). He is a credit to the game of baseball, not only because of his achievements on the field but also because of his attitude toward the game and toward life in general. I commend Roy Blount for writing the finest article I have ever read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

J. PINK

Providence

Sirs:

One hopes that Willie Mays will eventually decide to become a manager and that baseball will provide him with a plethora of opportunities. He already possesses more ebullience and leadership qualities than many of the sport's mediocre managers.

DAVID A. HIRSHY

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

In your article saluting Willie Mays, you state that Henry Aaron is the only other star of such magnitude. In stating this you are doing a grave injustice to the best all-around player in baseball today. Apparently you won't recognize his name, but Pirate fans will—Roberto Clemente.

HOWDY ERSHALLER

Pittsburgh

SILENT AUTUMN

Sirs:

I write to comment on the present strike against the owners of NFL teams by the Players' Association (*The Owners and Players Fumble On in Pith*, Aug. 3). The positions taken by both sides in this dispute seem unrealistic and unhealthy to me. For the players' part, their demand for exorbitant salaries in exchange for six months' play is totally without justification in a nation with the problems of social welfare that are ours now. For the owners' part, their control of pro football has produced a television that now attacks athletics in general and manages to pollute the minds of young athletes with false goals and materialistic values. I know; I am a coach of high school football and I see in young men the psychological press applied to their growing personalities by big-time sport.

Perhaps the strike will do us all a favor by sparing us from another year of endless interviews with overinflated egos and the din of commentators trying to provide a cushion between commercials—which is what makes the money, which is what it's all about, which, after all, is what the whole trouble is.

Let us all pray that the strike continues. Maybe there's a chance yet that we can save athletics for people.

JACK MCCARTHY

Neenah-Fishers
Green Bay, Wis.

Sirs:

When the Players' Association can sit down to the bargaining table with the club owners and ask for a pension fund that will pay a king's ransom, that, my fellow fans, is not greed, it's robbery. It's sad, but the fans, not the owners, are made to pay.

LARRY SEGARMAN

Virginia Beach, Va.

Sirs:

I am a sports fan who buys tickets for pro football games, and the recent outrageous prices have just about forced me to my choking point. My reaction to the labor dispute between the players and the National Football League, which will raise the prices of tickets no matter how they settle the hassle, is as follows: the pro football players are far less exploited than any other group of employees, including migratory farm workers, and the team owners evince no more greed than their players, who are demanding absurd pension benefits. A plague on both their houses!

If the pros and their owners won't play ball and give due consideration to the fans, let college football reap the harvest—even on Sundays.

JACK MANTEL

Silver Spring, Md.

HIGH TENSION

Sirs:

I just finished reading Mark Kram's article on Karl Wallenda (*The Swift of Death Has in the Air*, July 27). What marvelous writing! It put me right there at Tallulah Gorge (which I have visited) as I read and felt every word, like a marvelous fairy tale. The character study of Wallenda was as clear as a bell, and the spectators also came to life. I had goose pimples before I finished the article.

MRS. R. E. GLENN

Palm Beach, Fla.

CLASS WAR

Sirs:

Your report on the world soaring championships (*Red Baron in the Wild Blue Yonder*, July 13) made many of the U.S. soaring fraternity fighting mad. As you stated, the competition was to determine two champions—standard class (airplane wingspan limited to 49.4 feet) and open class (ship with unlimited wingspan). Each class com-

peted over a two-week period on different assigned tasks each day. George Moffat of the U.S. was the top man in the open class. Helmut Reschmann of Germany won the standard class championship.

But Robert F. Jones said that Reschmann outflown them all, including Moffat. It is difficult to understand how the author came up with this conclusion. The fact that Reschmann's score (8,663 points) was higher than Moffat's (8,323 points) has absolutely no relationship, because points were not scored between the two classes. We who are deeply involved in soaring would hesitate to determine whose performance was best. It is like comparing apples to potatoes.

Moffat is the World Open Class Soaring Champion, and he is an American. We in the U.S. should be really proud of this accomplishment. I think SI should have given him a real pat on the back.

WILLIAM SCHWEITZER

Vice-President
Schweitzer Aircraft Corp.
Elmira, N.Y.

FAST BURN

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for the article on drag racing (*Speed to Burn, Baby, Burn*, July 27). Although drag racing has been receiving more coverage from the press, many people still misunderstand what it is. Thanks to your article, I'm sure many people have been set straight about this sport.

FRANK MORIARTY

Wyndwood, Pa.

PROPER MEASURES (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your article *Funny, Boff, Fassin: Bowers* (July 20) by Herman Wernkopf is clearly the best that has come along on the characteristics of the major-league baseball and how the game is affected. I hope that the article imparts greater consistency and control in the manufacture of the baseball.

My interest in the game has extended to comparing fence distances and heights of major-league ball parks in terms of home runs that would be expected. This led necessarily to climatological factors, and we dropped baseballs from a little higher and photographed the home with a movie camera. The results obtained were consistent with those in your article.

As a matter of companion interest, your article mentions that high humidity during the game will curtail the flight of batted balls. I'm sure you mean this happens because of the effect of humidity on the resiliency of the ball itself. However, a lot of people also feel that high humidity or high proportions of water vapor in the air tend

continued

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to slow down the flight of the ball. On this point my research has indicated that dry air is actually more dense than air containing large amounts of water vapor such as would be characteristic of high humidity. This pertains up to the point of any precipitation such as mist, fog or rain—which would naturally slow down the ball. However, the difference in a ball passing through dry air (low humidity) in contrast to high humidity is extremely small. So when the ball does not go far because of humidity, it is only because of moisture acting on the ball itself, as you describe in your article.

ROBERT H. KINGALEY

Rockville, Md.

MUSEUM PIECE

Sirs:

Short though it was, your article on the great Jim Hall (*Box of Soap? No, It's a Car*, July 20) was the best of its kind I have read in your magazine in at least a year.

VIRGINIA WILGTON

Rockledge, Fla.

Sirs:

I think Jim Hall's new vacuum 2J is the best new idea for racing since the turbine cars. Let's hope the Chaparral 2J doesn't end up sitting uselessly in a museum like the turbines.

SCOTT KLEINBERG LISK

Tucson

SOLID ACCOMPLISHMENT

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see your July 6 cover picture of George Freeman. Your story on George a few months back was also very good, although you failed to mention many of his accomplishments. In addition to being a fine hammer thrower, George holds the American records for the 35-pound and 56-pound weight throw. George is also a very devoted weight lifter. Last May he exceeded the records in the 24½-pound class for the squat (770 pounds) and the dead lift (775 pounds). As far as I know, George's total in these two lifts is more than any man has ever moved in two lifts, even men weighing as much as 100 pounds more in the next higher class.

I believe that George should be recognized for these additional records. To be efficient in one sport is great, but to excel in many sports is far greater.

BILL CROSBY

President

North Phoenix Baseball Club

Santa Ana, Calif.

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